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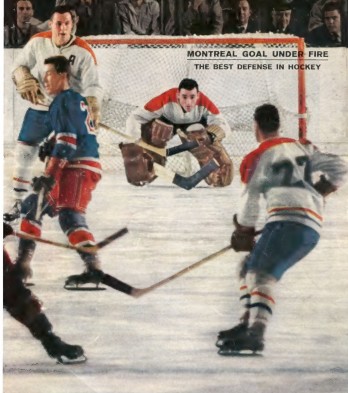
FEBRUARY 17, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

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The Montreal goal tender is caught in a typically short snout as Defenseman Tom Johnson stands by. For the story of how an extraordinary defenseman helped the Habs win the NHL, see page 12.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



► The airborne young man above is Villanova's Phil Ruto. High jumper par excellence. In words and striking color, a look ahead to the national AAU next week.

► Tennis Promoter Jack Kramer has developed a remarkable business operation. Dick Pflieger describes the man and his methods, and his stars Gamelin and Hood.

► Chuck Connely is boss of the White Sox and one of baseball's most diagnosed men. Robert Creamer explains why, and makes a first survey of Chicago's prospects for 1958.

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MEMO *from the publisher*



Aver philatelist worth his perforation gauge will at once place the accompanying postage stamp as Japanese, 10 yen, issue of 1967. A student of art will recognize it as one of the classics of Japanese painting. A good many of the rest of us, however, may be simply surprised by the vision of a kimono-clad geisha girl forsaking her fluttering fan for an endower so athletic and accidental as baseball.

It seems we shouldn't be

Herbert Warren Wind's trip to Japan last fall to report on the Canada Cup matches at the Kasumigaseki Country Club outside Tokyo (S1, Nov. 11) was his second visit to that country. As an officer in the Air Force, he had been stationed there right after World War II. Both times he was struck by the pervading tale which erects players in that island coun-

try and by the seemingly curious circumstance that the more Western the sport the more the Japanese go for it. And both times, with considerable fascination, Wind explored this state of affairs, not only by personal observation but in discussions with scholars and laymen, both American and Japanese.

Upon his return, Wind presented this postage stamp as only a small piece of eye-appealing evidence that he had a story in depth to tell about sport in Japan. The story went far back into Japanese history and culture. But it was as currently significant as his account of the decisive defeat Toruichi Nakamura and his partner, Koichi Ono, gave to the golf team from 28 other countries—including the U.S.'s Demaret and Snead—in the Canada Cup matches. This was the latest high point in a sequence of important sports triumphs which have given international stature to Japan's postwar sports boom.

Japan is a country where seven daily sports newspapers are published in Tokyo alone and where the translation of the anthology of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** *Tips from the Top* sold like rice cakes. Baseball is almost a 24-hour-a-day preoccupation and geisha girls are golfers (for some rather progressive reasons which perhaps hold a lesson for that nearly vanished American, the golf widow).

It's a highly satisfying situation. Next week Wind begins to describe life with humor and sincere admiration, in the first of a two-part series on sport in Japan. For all **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers the article will, I feel sure, shed new and most entertaining lights on the Land of the Rising Sun.

Harry Phillips

[illegible]

SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORDS BREAKERS—FERRY STUBBS, self-named Californian on tour of Europe, treated 1,800 Germans last to sight of his record-breaking process, grinning and granting to best title as he heaved 16-pound shot 81 feet 8½ inches to better his own indoor world record mark in international meet at Frankfurt (Feb. 8).

PETER MATTHEWS, third-absoluted Russian weight lifter, did some heavy muscle-busting at Leningrad, belted 307.8 pounds to break world record in heavyweight record for two-hand press (Feb. 8).

TRACK & FIELD—BOB DELANEY, turkey-trotting center town usual, had his best chance for new world indoor mile record at Millrose Games in New York. Pulled out by Maryland's Burr Ginn, the not-so-lazy Irishman gave it good try but could do no better than 4:04.4, but second old Ginn's lifetime mark. Best newcomers: North Carolina's Dave Renshaw, big and strong at 4 hours, 18½ pounds, who pulled into lead at start, never gave in to go to win half mile in 1:02.4; U.S. Army's Ken Kane, who burst out of starting blocks to outpace Penn State's Bob Brown, Villanova's Ed Collymore and Duke's Dave Sims in 56-yard dash in 4.2.

AUTO RACING—RUSSIAN PRESIDENT NIKOLAI SUTSKOV, intrigued by news that Russia has car that averaged 170 mph over 8-mile run 5:01, Feb. 2, hastened to take her in hand, invited streamlined Soviet-made Krasnodar 20 to show off its speed at Daytona Beach performance trials. Write France: "We know nothing of your country's plans for the car, but since we are the largest auto racing body in the U.S. we wish to extend an invitation."

HORSE RACING—THREE-YEAR-OLDS, with Kentucky Derby stars in their eyes, went all out racing at Santa Anita and Hialeah. Old Pueblo, trained by Californian as new at Santa Anita, kept his record clean by winning Santa Anita's \$67,000 California Breeders' Champion Stakes, but not until Billy Sullivan, a late-running heart-stopper (see page 21), sent Eddie Arzoo and his mount to winner's circle with seven ease of Jitney. Calumet's Kentucky Pride and Tim Tam were all shook up by Fred Hunter's clock flyer, who moved up along rail in stretch in third past Kentucky Filly in Hialeah's \$25,000 Bahamas Stakes. But, last horse-players begin to grime for Calumet, Iron Liege came to rescue in \$45,500 McLane Handicap, held off Oh Johnny to win it handsomely.

BOXING—WILL HENNINGSON, poker-faced German heavyweight master boxer in his last five starts, engaged in some unexpected bubble-cracking at Seattle, pushing 265-ranked but technique flat McHenry with better head and body than to mid-applauded 18-rounder before 4,500 who contributed \$23,877. Four days later, McHenry was carried off to hospital with pneumonia.

RALPH BYRNE, flashy-boxing New Orleans lightweight, moving gracefully and quickly, led frustrated welterweight Gussie Deane's merry chase for 18 rounds, meanwhile giving up points with sliding left jab, to take split decision at Norfolk.

LARRY HILVERBERT, OMAHA-born SCOTCH-MAKER, debauched and agitated as ever and topped out in top places and lowest, flew in to New York after highly profitable goal-will tour of South America, promptly delivered himself of some typical home runs. On Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson:

"Who's got a better right to fight Patterson? I have a master plan for victory. Essentially, a highly technical defense . . . I couldn't lose." On his own title: "I would like to defend against that Canadian fellow, Tyson Duffin . . . people never did believe me, I know how to train. Everybody ought to know that." On Tony Anthony: "A good guy. I was sorry I had to knock him out last fall."

WELTERWEIGHT fight possibilities told into place when New York Commissioner John Hoffman, naming his World Boxing Committee hat, showed blind draw which picked Jesse Leggett to meet Virgil Aljara, winner in three Vince Martinis for title.

SOCCER—WALES, eliminated in own group but given second chance when Arab nations refused to play Israel, barely edged shaky Israeli 2-0 at Cardiff, became fourth British team (others: England, Scotland, Northern Ireland) to qualify for World Cup final at Stockholm June 5-29.

SEVEN more fans were played too deep mourning after plane crash at Munich took lives of seven players, coach, trainer and secretary of famed Manchester United team and eight sportswriters. Team was returning to England after playing 2-0 European Cup tie with Yugoslavia at Belgrade (see page 14).

BASKETBALL—TEMPER, lightly regarded at season's start, bounced past Danangue 72-48, St. John Hall 82-60 to stretch nation's longest major college winning streak to 11. West Virginia recovered from first loss to beat St. John's and Richmond at Kansas State, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Oklahoma State (which won 50th game for Coach Hank Hall) continued to win.

ONE SHAME, headline suffered at hands of Boston, let out quiet brawl when Bill Sharps and Frank Ramsey joined Jim Lauerhoff on injured list and Tom Heinsohn was sidelined by foot poisoning. Nevertheless, undermanned Celtics won four out of five, were still comfortable 17½ games ahead of Syracuse in East. Stamping St. Louis, thanks to Celtic, who took three from Cincinnati, held on to lead in West.

continued

focus on the deed . . .



BLAZE-STARTING Billy Sullivan (No. 1) bettered the pack at start of the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, but before race was over Santa Anita fans thrilled to heart-throat finish which carried him to within a neck of the winner, Old Pueblo (see above).



FAST-STARTING Newsmonger Dave Seasholtz came up again on way to victory in half mile at Millrose Games in New York (see above).

SCOREBOARD *continued*

TENNIS—DILEMA, long controlled by Eastonets, was given new western look by President Victor Denny of Seattle, who began general top-to-bottom housecleaning by appointing Perry T. Jones (see right), longtime West Coast tennis muckraker, to replace Bill Talbert as captain of U.S. Davis Cup team. Jones also will head committee to study men's tournament. Other Westons named: Jim McRobert of San Francisco, chairman of Davis Cup Selection Committee; William S. Kolberg of Los Angeles, Calif., head of International Play Committee. Explained Denny: "The change is in no way criticism or reflection upon Talbert. He did a marvelous job.... we feel it is wise to make a change now and then." Talbert, who brought Davis Cup back to U.S. in 1955, reacted graciously: "I think Perry Jones will make a fine captain and wish him success."

LEW ROSS and **PANCHO COSTALES**, Italian stars of Jack Kramer's touring pro circuit, brought their blockbuster games back to U.S., but this time Ross was no pushy. Lew outboxed Pancho 6-4, 10-16 at San Francisco for his seventh straight but next day had his head cut in 3-6 when he bowed to Costales' power game 5-6, 24-22, 6-3 at Los Angeles. Predicted columnist Pancho: "When that each register rings for the last time, I'll have my big head in it."

SKING—**BOB KILGER**, handsome Austrian triple Olympic champion, who spends his spare time sailing in glens, carved grandly through gates to win giant slalom, added downhill title with hairpin dash down slopes for combined honors in FIS championships at Bad Gastein (see page 48). Leading ladies performance: Canada's Lucile Winter (see right); Norway's Inger Bjørnbakken, slalom winner; Switzerland's Frieda Dünser, combined winner.

HOCKEY—**SEMMON** and **MORROW** popped in and out of third place as Montreal sailed blithely along, 25 points ahead of New York in NHL. Chicago made bid to get out of cellar, was only two points away from Toronto at week's end.



GAY BLADE Gino Lollobrigida, polishing up her fencing technique in New York, stacks up as ferocious opponent for NYU's Jim Canella.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING—**JIMMY EMMAN**, Phoenix, 77.47, 100 miles, in 1:17.41.02, in 1957 Mercury, Phoenix.

BOATING—**FINISTERRE**, skippered by Caroline Schell, Annapolis, Missol-Bonnet race, in 2:21.23 overall time.
CA V-8, skippered by J. W. Aronson, Houston, Kramers Cup race, in 0:59.57 overall time.

BOWLING—**FINISTERRE** **WALORS**, 84.6, women's team championship 300, with 11,234 pins, Boston.

BOXING—**WILLIE FAIGEN**, 18-round decision over Jimmy Dandrea, Philadelphia, World Beach.
FLANKIE STIFF, 10-round decision over Tony Jacobs, Philadelphia, New York.
SET **ALANSON**, second KO over Walter Tyler, Philadelphia, New Brunswick, Calif.
JOEY MORRIS, 10-round decision over Danmore Collins, Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y.

DOG SHOW—**CN. CHIMNEY ROCK** (3-year-old pointer), owned by Mrs. Martin Fortman, Glenview, Illinois, best-in-show, Cyn's, London.

GOLF—**LOSCIE REBERT**, Larchmont, Ind., 81.000 Tanager Open, with 66 for 72 hole.
BOB TUNEL, Miami, 77.000 Ponce de Leon Open, with 69 for 72 hole, San Jose.

HORSE RACING—**BOON RACE**, 2-year-old mare, 1:17.8 m., by hand, in 1:10.0/3, Santa Anita, Menard Yearling.

RACQUETS—**CLARENCE FELTZ**, 6th French, N.Y., over Charles Peterson, 10-12, 12-10, 10-8, 10-8, singles 100, Boston.

SKING—**JOE KASSA**, Watrous, N.J., 100.00 for slalom race, in 1:18.50, Boulder, Utah.
ALP VANCALETTE, Denver, 100.000 combined 100, with 100.00 p.m., Boulder, Utah.
ANTHONY RACHAVEN, Solihull, Eng., 8. American 12 km. cross-country 100, in 50.00, Solihull.

SPEED SKATING—**IRINA ARTAMANOVA**, Soviet, women's 500m 100, with 1:00.10 p.m., Chertanovsk, Berlin.

SWISS RACQUETS—**MRS. W. PEPPER** **UNIVERSITY**, Princeton, N.J., over Mrs. Madeline Dunlop, 11-5, 14-7, 14-3, 10-6, Pennsylvania 50, Princeton, Pa.

TENNIS—**FRANK SKIDMAN**, Australia, over Tony Trabert, 7-6, 1-6, 7-6, 6-0, 6-2, Austral 100, Sydney.



GAY BLADE Johnny Logan, relaxing in Las Vegas, finds this racket easy to take as he chases up-rides with Aronson Ginger Rogers.

faces in the crowd



PERRY T. JONES, new captain of U.S. Davis Cup team, has long been most powerful figure in West Coast tennis circles, developing such stars as Elsworth Vines, Jack Kramer, Pancho Gonzales, Ted Schroeder.



KARL PACHECO, shapely Miami tennis star, announced personal fashion plan for summer circuit: gold lame pants, Red Kar. "They will be as smart. Guerin Maria had her lame pants and I'll have my gold."



MAX CAREY, slitting Pittsburgh and Brooklyn outfielder whose base-stealing antics put terror in hearts of pitchers in 1920s, came closest with 136 votes as writers failed to vote even one man into Hall of Fame.



MARY PATTIE JACKSON, formerly U. of Virginia Law School secretary, married up daily Florida with her red-hot petter, leading pretty Barbara Melrose 1 and 2 in final of Palm Beach women's golf championship.



LUCILE WINTER, pretty 30-year-old from St. Jerome, Que., who won her first medals in 1947, his biggest jackpot in FIS championships at Bad Gastein, slipping down slopes to win downhill giant slalom title.



BILLIE WEIR, doughy, old 140 retired Naval Academy boxing coach, has been honored by purchase of testimonial chair in new Navy stadium. The cheer: Athletic Director Captain Blake Collier, a former pupil.



DAN GILSON of Reno, stripping former U. of Nevada football and basketball star, averaged 56.96% on 5,706 16-year-olds, was named nation's top amateur trapshooter for 1967 by Trap and Field.

SNOW PATROL

Skiing across the country—reports through the preceding weekend

East

New Hampshire: Five to 10 inches hit slopes already slippery in snow, caused slow-down in resort attempts to install ski lifts and areas. **EGGHAUSE,** Parking lot continues to overflow as Boston skiers rediscover area, take advantage of excellent conditions.

BLACK MT. Skiers rented every piece of available equipment. **UP 60, LD 30.**
BELMONT. Record-breaking crowd, CR 1,000.
CLARENDON. Friday-night trails from Boston carried extra men to handle weekend traffic.
CARVER. Biggest week ever for area's 128 freestyle package plan which includes lifts, 15 lessons, plus 10% off on all lodge rates. Private places leading skiers to numbers at Fairmont's strip. **UP 40.**

INTERLAKES. Manager Dick Simpson leaving one slope unopened for powder ski addicts.

Notes: **SHREVEPORT.** Registered highest crowd in its history last Sunday. **UP 57, LD 30.**
FRANKLIN MT. Midwest business double last year's totals. **UP 40, LD 18.**

Vermont: **STOWE.** Skiing excellent on every trail and slope. Long lines are on the rise. Marker release thing and two-piece are rare; vapors. **UP 54, LD 30, SN 12.**

MAO RIVER. Third week of powder skiing. **UP 54, LD 41, CR 500.**

WOODSTOCK. Eastern men's and women's giant slalom here Feb. 10.

FAIR FEAR. New T has expected to be ready for New England Jr. Giant Slalom championships Feb. 15. **UP 38, LD 30.**

Moore Snow. South East getting big traffic. Five of South East proving fair-weather even for good skiers.

See HOSKELLY. Time trials held on Bluebird early Wednesday for would-be scholastic winners. **UP 35, LD 30, SN 15.**

DUTCH HILL. Best conditions in years.

Massachusetts: **ONE HORN.** Area runs worked ski camps for 48 children. **UP 24.**

CANTONMENT. New T for in operation daily except Tuesday. **UP 23, LD 10.**

MALDEN. Sixth week of operation. **UP 24.**

New York: **BELENHURST.** Canfield downhill here Feb. 10. **UP 48, LD 24, SN 14.**

ELIZABETH. Skiers had week longest main roads, averaged 100 skiers at local ski lodges.

WATERBURY. Some skiers wearing parkas of children's, synthetic Swiss fabric. **UP 48.**

SNOW RIDGE. Stanley Evans took Quebec Rivermouth trophy. **UP 30, LD 15, CR 600.**

Colorado: **MOUNT THUNDER.** Skiing excellent. All runs and trails open. **UP 57, LD 37.**

STEE JAYNE. Grey Kiefer, Harry Winslow, father of double-gold-medal winner Lucie, announced his daughter would never teach skiing. "Enough old hands around now without her becoming one." **UP 27.**

FRY, MOUNTAIN. Skiing excellent.

MOUNT GARDNER. 5,000 on hand for U.S.-Canada Ladies International slalom. **UP 18.**
LOS HEARTS. Accommodation scarce at 11 and at Quebec Winter Carnival Feb. 15.

continued



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Put on a new Mallory . . . it's Spring! Give yourself a seasonal "lift". Try on the handsome low lines of the Teline. Check the new telescope crown . . . a shape that's distinctively Mallory. Note the suave deep brown band with smart side bow. Add Mallory neckwear to the picture, and what do you know . . . it is Spring!

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Mallory
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COMING EVENTS

February 14 to 23

- **Television**
- **Color television**
- **Winter sports**
- **All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted**

Friday, February 14

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
Los Angeles Kings at New York Islanders, 10 p.m.
Buffalo at New York, 10 p.m.
- **HOCKEY**
Los Angeles Kings at New York Islanders, 10 p.m.
Buffalo at New York, 10 p.m.
- **HOCKEY**
Los Angeles Kings at New York Islanders, 10 p.m.
Buffalo at New York, 10 p.m.

Saturday, February 15

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston, 10 p.m.
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale, 10 p.m.
New York at Cincinnati, 10 p.m.
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
Los Angeles Kings at New York Islanders, 10 p.m.
Buffalo at New York, 10 p.m.
- **HOCKEY**
Los Angeles Kings at New York Islanders, 10 p.m.
Buffalo at New York, 10 p.m.
- **HOCKEY**
Los Angeles Kings at New York Islanders, 10 p.m.
Buffalo at New York, 10 p.m.

- **ALL-STAR GOLF**, Roberto de la Cruz vs. Dick Tiger, Los Vegas, Nev., 11 a.m. on Sat. 10 p.m. on Sun.
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Toronto
Manassas at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**
San Antonio Meadows, \$10,000, 1:30 p.m. & 3 p.m.
Santa Anita, 1:30 p.m. & 3 p.m.
Saratoga, 1:30 p.m. & 3 p.m.
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Toronto
Manassas at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Toronto
Manassas at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)

- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)

Sunday, February 16

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati

- **ROLLER SKATING**
Tulsa, Okla., New York (ABC), New York (ABC)

Monday, February 17

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati

Tuesday, February 18

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati

Wednesday, February 19

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati

Thursday, February 20

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati

Friday, February 21

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati

Saturday, February 22

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati

Sunday, February 23

- **BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **BOAT SHOW**
Southern California Boat & Equipment Show, Los Angeles through Feb. 21
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati
- **HOCKEY**
(Professional)
Detroit at Boston
Manassas at Ft. Lauderdale
New York at Cincinnati



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GOALIE JACQUES PLANTE'S SAVING STYLE SOMETIMES LEAVES NETS OPEN. HERE PLANTE AND DEFENSESMAN HARVEY SCRAMBLE BACK. . . .

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 17, 1968

THE HABS HAVE

Montreal has buttoned up the National Hockey League

title earlier than any team before. Here is the story

of the Habs' stonewall defense and the artist in their goal

by **KENNETH RUDEN**

BY WHATEVER NAME YOU call them—the Canadiens, Les Habitants, Le Bleu Blanc Rouge—the magnificent 18 who play ice hockey for Montreal are in a class apart in the National Hockey League. The league this season has two divisions: the Habs, up there in first place by a margin never before achieved by the NHL leaders in mid-February; and the five has-nots, down in the depths scuffling for the three other Stanley Cup playoff positions.

Last weekend the Canadiens lost a close game to Chicago at home, then bounced into Manhattan and gave the second-place New York Rangers a 3-1 drubbing, to lead them by the staggering total of 35 points.

Any team that runs away to that kind of advantage with more than a month of the season remaining obvi-

ously must have something special, even in a year of general rebuilding and unprecedented injuries. The Canadiens have everything. You might not see the same 18 on the ice for more than a few games at a time, injuries having been so frequent and severe, but the reserves are so gifted that the effect is the same.

On the attack the Canadiens move with breathtaking speed, like a troop of cavalry overrunning demoralized men. This swashbuckling offense tends to belabor the fact that the defense is far and away the best in the league and probably the best of all in the 28 years since the advent of forward passing in the offensive sense—a change of rules which radically altered the role of the defenseman. In goal, Jacques Plante, who crouches alertly on this week's cover, is a

sharp-eyed, courageous and original gardien de but who has been well-blooded in his difficult profession, having had both cheekbones and his nose broken by the puck.

"But see here," someone says, "with the high-scoring forwards the Canadiens have, a good offense is the best defense."

Not true. "We're a free-wheeling team," says the Canadiens' managing director, Frank Selke. "We're not apologetic. We don't try to keep the other team from playing hockey. If we just win the game that doesn't please us. We want to put on a good show for the fans. As a result there is plenty of pressure on the defense, and Plante gets a lot of work."

Playing to scripture according to Frank Selke, the Canadiens have indeed put on a good show. Maurice Richard, one of the great athletes of the century, played in just enough games of his 16th season with Montreal to score that historic 500th regular-season goal and a few more before a slashed Achilles' tendon put him on the sick list. So the precocious left wing, Dickie Moore, took over Richard's right wing, earned a midsea-



HARVEY CLEARS THE PUCK BEFORE CHICAGO'S LINDESEY (7) CAN SHOOT, THEN KNEELS TO BLOCK BLAZING SHOT BY PLATE (31)

PUT IT ON ICE

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

son all-star berth and now leads the NHL in scoring. Rocket Richard's little brother Henri (the Pocket Rocket), who wasn't 22 until the end of this month, earned the center position on the midseason all-star team. The fact that big Jean Beliveau missed 15 games and Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion missed five and Plante missed nine through illness or injury before the stretch run seemed not to matter. New Geoffrion is out again, and so are Left Wing Bert Olmstead and Defenseman Jean-Guy Talbot—and the show goes on just about as brilliantly as before.

And though the pressure is great, as Frank Selke says, the Montreal defense is uniquely equipped to thrive on it.

SOMEONE BACK THERE

On the tense fifth night of the Stanley Cup finals four years ago (the story goes), a Montreal forward named Johnny McCormack was hawking the puck in Detroit ice so feverishly that the Red Wings could not move it out of their zone. He kept at it so long that finally Doug Harvey, the celebrated arrive-garde of the Canadiens,

called out to McCormack, "Let 'em get by, Johnny. It's awfully lonely back here."

Harvey, the special ornament of Montreal's defense, is a cool old hand who always has a quip to relax the strain on his hotheaded teammates. He and his colleagues—Tom Johnson, Dollard St. Laurent, Talbot and Bob Turner—are the most effective defense corps in hockey.

"If I had to choose the best defensemen in history," says Selke, "I would put Harvey and Red Kelly on a par among players and pick Eddie Shore and King Clancy from the old days."

"Harvey's the best I've ever seen," says Coach Hector (Toe) Blake, The Old Lampighter of the Canadiens' famous Punch Line in his playing days. "The biggest single asset a defenseman can have is ability to anticipate plays. In that Harvey is in a class by himself. Besides that, he can do everything else well—body-check, skate, stick-handle, shoot, get the puck out of our zone, set up plays."

"A measure of Harvey's greatness," says the Canadiens' vice-president, Kenney Reardon, whose ruggedly

handsome face is cross-hatched with scars from his own years as a defenseman, "is that he can break the rules now and then and get away with it. A defenseman is not supposed to carry the puck across the ice in front of the goal in his own zone. Harvey just glides along in there from time to time as if he's daring someone to try to take the puck away from him."

Now in his 14th full season with Montreal, the 33-year-old subject of all this backslapping is a well-muscled 5-foot-10, 180-pound athlete with a disarmingly boyish countenance. His hair is cropped short, his face is round and ruddy, his eyes are clear blue and his nose has a rakish upward tilt.

Doesn't look very fierce, a visitor to Montreal the other day thought as he hitched a ride with Harvey to see 7-year-old Doug Jr. play goal for a neighborhood team. The park in Montreal's West End was aswarm with tens on skates.

"I started young like that," Harvey said. "I guess just about everybody does in Canada. I had a hockey stick in my hands when I was 3, and

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NEWS THAT MANCHESTER COULDN'T BELIEVE

**The crash of a transport plane
on a Munich airfield ends
a chapter in soccer history**

A TRANSPORT has served to draw once widely separated worlds of sport into close conversation. Where once the championship of all England might have been enough for the men of Manchester's great soccer team, these days a team has to test itself against the best within schedule-reach by air. And so last week the Manchester Uniteds, after holding Yugoslavia's top footballers to a 3-3 tie in Belgrade, were well on their way to achieving a new ambition: the championship of Europe. Their attitude as they boarded the chartered British European Airways transport that was to take them home was one of jubilant confidence in the future—a confidence fully shared by the British sportswriters traveling with them.

Back home in Manchester, equally enthusiastic rioters were lining up to buy tickets for the Uniteds' next match—against the Wolverhampton Wanderers. "By gosh," the look on their so-called North Country faces seemed to say, "the Uniteds'll show 'em this time." But the Uniteds never got the chance. Some 400 miles away, on a snow-swept Munich airport where she had put down for gas, the twin-engine Elizabethan transport bearing them home was trying desperately to become airborne. On two take-offs she had failed. On the third try she made it—only to come crashing earthward seconds later. Seven Manchester players were killed, along with eight of the sportswriters accompanying them. Nine other footballers, including Manager Mar Busby, a man as admired in England as is Casey Stengel in the U.S., were burned or injured.

In four Manchester the first reso-

tion to the news was plain disbelief. It was too appalling. In Westminster, a Manchester-born M.P. stood blank-faced in the parliamentary corridor mulling over and over, "But I was with them last Saturday." As the terrible truth took hold, flags all over the nation fluttered to half-mast, and Manchester families huddled together over their radios in attitudes reminiscent of wartime. In Bad Gastein skiers from 25 nations observed a minute of silent tribute to the dead athletes, while soccer fans at matches all over Europe and even Russia followed suit. Queen Elizabeth, Pope Pius and Yugoslavia's Tito hastened messages of sympathy. As the news broke in black headlines across the shocked U.S., the tragedy took on a new significance as baseball fans realized suddenly that this summer their own favorites would be keeping their new fan-dung playing dates by air.

But England's loss, if such things can be measured, was greater even than that America might feel at losing the heart of a major league club. In the 12 years since he first took over the Uniteds, when their stadium was a heap of bombed-out rubble and British soccer was at its lowest ebb, enthusiastic and devoted Mar Busby has raised the prestige of a whole nation with his victories. More than any U.S. athlete, the young local school-boy (the Uniteds averaged 23) he molded into Britain's best pros belonged to their fellow countrymen and to Manchester.

"In these past two days," wrote a correspondent from the north to London's *Daily Mail*, "I have seen a city draw breath as a city, live, die or sigh as a city. . . . Where, we are often asked, is the heart of a large industrial town? What symbol gives one a sense of belonging? . . . Dare one say that where the symbol once lay in a village inn or a church . . . it now lies in a football team?"

END

AT HALF-MAST (left) the club flag, Manager Busby (below) was gravely injured.





HEADING GAME, played in Belgrade, Manchester's Bobby Charlton, who was among injured, scores goal in 3-3 tie match with Yugoslavia.



IN TRANSPORT WRECKAGE, at edge of Munich airport, seven players died, another nine Uniteds were injured.



IN GROUP PORTRAIT of kind Manchester will long remember to core of the famous Uniteds. Top row: Dennis Edwards (injured in Munich crash), Billy Foster (not seriously hurt), Mark Jones (killed), Ray Wood (injured), Eddie Colman

(killed), David Pegg (killed). Frontrow: John Henry (injured), Bill Whelan (killed), Roger Byrne, club captain (killed), Tommy Taylor (killed), Dennis Violin (injured). Geoff Bent, not shown in picture, was also killed, as were 14 other passengers.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Toni Frissell

Carnival on Skis

The incomparable Arlberg offers colorful parades, marshmallow snow and really serious skiing—all at Austria's low, low prices



Nestling in lonely white Arlberg snow, Leck is overshadowed by Ötztalhorn.

"Come to the Arlberg, it's so unspoiled," say all the tourists, peering out of their gaudily painted hotels for a look at the fancy-dress parades which, at the whim of the local publicity offices, are held irregularly in carnival season. Unspoiled, of course, in the technical, tourist sense. The Arlberg (SL Feb. 25, 1957) is a modest domain of mountain villages, and few of its visitors go in for full-dress and champagne and the activities that get into gossip columns. But for all that it is not lacking in the usual appurtenances of modern civilization like ski lifts, plumbing and Bloody Marys. Just unspoiled enough, we may say, for the pure-in-heart skier who would not be caught dead in one of the posh strongholds of the *après-ski* way of life like Kitzbühel or St. Moritz.

Carnival time, with or without parades (there are always masked balls or impromptu revelry in the hotels), is the most crowded and the gayest time. Christmas belongs to the French, and every night the Arlberg-Orient Express takes back its quota of moaning ladies to a Paris where the plaster cast has become the most chic form of winter footwear. In bleak January prices go down about 20%, and the pound-pinching English take over. With February, and the longer days and brighter sun, come the free-spending Germans and the bulk of the Americans. They come for the spring snow, when the mountains are covered with what looks like folds of marshmallow, when the greatest variety of runs can be found. They can put on skis at dawn and climb up to almost-virgin peaks over solid crust, come down as the crust is crumbling to corn, take a lift up another mountain after lunch and come down a north slope where the late sun brings a touch of warmth to the remaining powder. The season lingers on to late April (after the end of March prices go down again about 20%) and a little longer in Zillrs, which is the highest of the resorts. Then the

continued on page 37

In the snowy streets of Leck children's carnival parade acts out Snow White's earliest story for tourists and townspeople





U.S. visitors Laura Leonard, Fulton Cutting (top window), Blanche Hasserman, Pat Shepard and Sidney Brockfield watch parade



In the Arberg village of St. Anton, near Leck, after competing in a half-mile ski race a grammar school girl continued as a snow clown parades hopefully to the judges' stand



Gaily dressed band (above) salutes competitors in St. Anton's carnival, where girls (below, left) won champagne prizes as well-dressed boys. In back, parade leader dressed as snowman (below right) regales school children



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Mr. Heart Attack

SINCE HORSE RACING is a fairly elementary sport on the face of it, the greatest race horses—presumably, anyway—are those that go the fastest. But many a swift Thoroughbred has run his course to the comparative indifference of the public at large. What makes the world sit up and notice a race horse is more often than not the way he wins his races—or even loses them. So it was last week when Silky Sullivan, a rangy colt by Sullivan out of Lady N Silk, went to the post at Santa Anita to compete with the best of California's new crop of 3-year-olds in the \$87,344 Breeders' Champion Stakes.

Ranged against Silky and his jockey, Bill Harms, were at least two colts perhaps worthy of more public attention than Silky. There was the favorite, unbeaten Old Pueblo, whom many consider the finest West Coast Thoroughbred since Swaps, with jockey Eddie Arcaro aboard. There was Swaps's own kid brother, The Shoe, ridden by his namesake Willie Shoemaker. But for most of the 23,000 eager spectators there was, most of all, the flame-colored young chestnut, unforgettably named Silky Sullivan, whose nerve-shattering style has already earned him the sobriquet of Mr. Heart Attack.

The name is no mere joke. Silky Sullivan's co-owner, Lumberman Tom Rasmussen, has been expressly forbidden by his doctor to watch Silky at work for fear it might affect his heart. Silky's impact is scarcely less lethal on casual betters, some of whom have been known to tear up their tickets in disgust in mid-race only to scramble desperately for the places when Silky romped home at the finish.

What kind of a beast is this Silky?

His sire and grandsire were good steady horses, valued for speed and for grabbing a lead and holding it. Silky himself usually leaves the starting gate like an old woman pushed against her will through a subway turnstile and not at all sure whether she's forgotten her umbrella. In last week's race as Old Pueblo, with Arcaro crouched confidently in his stir-

rups, shot to a comfortable lead, Silky Sullivan was once again humping along amiably in the rear and losing ground at every pace. "Look at that Silky Sullivan, man!" said an old Negro. "You'd swear he was all broke down. But he ain't broke down. Wait'll they hit that stretch."

A few seconds later the horses hit

continued

AUSOME SWIM-TEEN-AGERS SMASH WORLD SWIMMING RECORDS

—News Item



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the stretch, with Silky 85 lengths back of Old Pueblo on the mud-sogged track. Way up front on Pueblo, Eddie Arcaro took an experienced look over his shoulder, and what he saw and heard was shattering. With ears suddenly flat against his head, his long legs devouring the track in great gulps, flame-colored Silky was rocketing past the others like the Jupiter C outclimbing gulls at Cape Canaveral.

"And here comes Silky Sullivan!" screamed Announcer Joe Hernandez.

Well, Old Pueblo is a pretty good horse, and Eddie Arcaro is as good as jockeys come. Eddie went to the whip in a frenzy of final effort and held off Silky's rush—by a neck.

The winner's purse and well-due applause went to Old Pueblo but, against all precedent, a huge cheer broke from the crowd when Silky Sullivan was led back, his lustrous brown eyes gazing at the stands in somewhat fashion once more.

"Good Lord," breathed one handicapper, as though he could not believe it, "they're cheering the loser." Later they figured that Silky had run the last quarter-mile of the mile-and-a-sixteenth race in 23 seconds flat, heart-in-the-throat speed when even Man o' War was a boy.

The Kentucky Derby is a mile and a quarter. In California horse fans are already making Louisville reservations for May 3. Not that they expect Silky to win. They just want to be there when Mr. Heart Attack makes his run.

They Said It

TED WILLIAMS, on tennis: "My backhand isn't so good, though it's not a matter of power. I slice the ball instead of following through."

HARRY WHEELER, father of Lucile Wheeler, after her world downhill victory last week at Bad Gastein: "It's not worth it. The pressure [on her] is too much. The years of practice, the exercise. It's just not worth it."

JACK KRAMER, a deft needle, launching the U.S. tour of Pancho Gonzales and Lew Hoad: "Old Pancho is not anxious to get out there any more. He'd rather be doing something else. But for economic reasons he has to go through with it."

Ambassadors on Horseback

OUT OF KARACHI has come the news that Aly Khan will be Pakistan's new Ambassador to the United Nations. Aly hasn't yet decided whether to bring some of his racing stable over; he says he'll make up his mind after he presents his diplomatic credentials. This is diplomatic of him, no doubt, but if he does decide to be a sportsman-ambassador he'll be in distinguished mounted company.

Item: Jock Whitney, the U.S. ambassador to the Court of St. James's, is racing several of his Greenree horses in England and doing quite well as an ambassador and owner.

Item: American Ambassador Max Gluck, now getting along famously



with Ceylonese Prime Minister Solomon W.R.D. Bandaranaike after an unproducible start, is racing his Kinsendorf Farm horses in Ceylon at Hulsah—only because there is no first-rate racing at Colombo.

No Comment

THE Associated Press, which faithfully reports, without comment, the perplexing progress of mankind, has sent the following dispatch:

"The Paskey McFarland Award for the Man of the Year who contributed most to boxing will be presented to Jim Norris at the sixth annual Chicago Boxing Writers' Assn. banquet March 21."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which faithfully reports, frequently with comment, much of the same old march, is currently struck wordless.

Big Recruit

EVER SINCE President Eisenhower called the experts together and established the President's Council on Youth Fitness (SI, July 18, 1955) it has been perfectly clear that the government can only lead—not drive—the U.S. public to greater fitness. In Russia things are different, but the President's Council sees its first job as creating an "atmosphere" in which groups, clubs, towns and, of course, individuals will commit themselves to their own fitness programs. The President's cause has now enrolled a major nongovernmental recruit: nothing less than the \$150 m/l on General Mills company, makers of Wheaties and old hands at creating an "atmosphere" in the minds of American youngsters.

General Mills has long billed its best-known cereal as "the Breakfast of Champions," with supporting testimony from heroes of American sport. General Mills has now decided to broaden this theme exactly as the President's Council would wish—by setting out to make youngsters (and their families) exercise-minded as well as sports-minded. The other day it set up the Wheaties Sports Federation, called in advisory experts from the NCAA, the national college coaching associations, National High School Federation and the national Junior Chamber of Commerce and began to design a campaign for family recreation and sports participation on a national scale.

The Olympic pole vaulting champion, Bob Richards, will be the director of the new federation. In preparation is a set of exercises and fitness standards for all age groups. The federation will be speaking directly to the U.S. public this spring.

Happy Talk

WE MAKE IT A POLICY never to divulge figures," said Joe Cronin, the team's general manager of the Boston Red Sox. The occasion for Cronin's lordly remark was the contract-signing ceremony last week of Ted Williams, Boston's lordly left fielder. Williams, so they say, will receive \$135,000 for this summer's work. Williams made \$100,000 last year (again, so they say), and his raise therefore re-establishes the American League's traditional supremacy over the National League, in this respect at least. A fortnight ago the Cardinals' Stan Musial signed for \$100,000 to give the senior circuit a fleeting advantage—a figure, incidentally, which was authenticated by ebullient front-office men.

How does the world know that Ted's getting \$135,000? Well, to tell the truth, one reporter took a poll of his fellows, who were as ignorant of the actual sum as he was, that's how, and the consensus was \$135,000. A New Hampshire sports editor close to Williams said that he had seen the contract and that it called for \$100,000, but his figure was airily dismissed in the face of the belligerent logic of the law of averages.

That Williams got a raise, though, Cronin admitted, and Ted showed it later by his high, tart spirits.

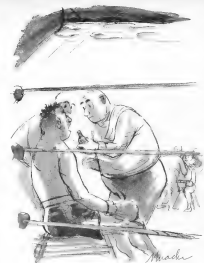
"Boy, is he in a great mood!" a photographer who had been admitted to the signing chamber gushed to the waiting writers. "Anything you want. He'll hold the pen up, hold it down, give it to Cronin, sign the paper 18 times. Anything!"

When the press finally met Williams at the Red Sox's pressroom atop Fenway Park for hamburgers and happy talk, he was, indeed, in rare form.

"All right," said Cronin, opening the jollities, "all those on speaking terms, pull up a chair."

Everyone guffawed, and Ted allowed that he didn't "make some plays in the field" and hoped to have another "slam-bang" year. "I told Cronin on the idea I will," he added with a sly old smile.

"I'm purposely not elaborating on those answers," he then elaborated,



"You notice his manager doesn't overmatch him."

"Because last year I read after the meeting that we would have 'peace in our time' and that I was the 'greatest actor in history.'"

"Yeah, it would be great to have a nice summer," he flowed on. "But I don't expect it. And I just want to say to you guys that I'll be friendly with you writers—most of you, anyway, the ones I like—but anyone who writes anything detrimental or dishonest or prejudiced about me or the team—anything that distracts me from my job—don't come near me, and that's no obscenity."

He waited for the hollow laughter to subside and went on.

"If I don't hustle," he said, "get on me. But just because I'm hitting 250 on May 20, don't write they ought to bench me, and that's no obscenity either."

Ted gave a final, one-of-the-boys chuckle, and the great man and the writers parted company for a while.

The Reason Why

A PENGUIN, *The New York Times* soulfully recorded the other day, is trekking, unless it has already perished or turned back, to the South Pole. The bird's trail was discovered last month by an American tractor party which reported that the bird's nearest known source of food was 150 miles behind it; the Pole 850 miles ahead. Penguins usually stay pretty close to the coast, and this, the *Times* circumspcctly added, "appears to be the farthest inland that anyone has seen evidence of penguin wanderers."

More than a mile of the penguin's track was examined, and it showed that the bird had walked only six feet of that distance. The remainder of the time it had tobogganed on its belly, as penguins do, pushing itself forward with its feet at a heady rate of speed.

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The picture of the handy little bird zooming determinedly on its stomach across the great, lonely continent toward the pole is a mournful yet thrilling one. It evokes the grand mystique of men who climb mountains because



they are there, seek legendary rivers because dying Indians mumbled of their existence, cross unexplored country because no one has ever done it before, because they want to get away from the madding crowd, because some driving compulsion of their being that knows no easy logic impels them on.

Well, seeking expert opinion on a possible rationale for the penguin's trip, a fellow telephoned Dr. Dean Amadon, curator of birds of the American Museum of Natural History. Did he have the answer? "Yes," Dr. Amadon replied, all business, "the bird is lost."

Thinking Ahead

GOLF COURSES, like young brides, thrive best on unwavering attention. But last week fairways and greens across the country were temporarily neglected; soapy water seeped from ball washers, and shagbared divots lay gaping in the winter winds. The men who normally concern themselves with such matters were in convention. It was the 29th annual meeting of the Golf Course Superintendents' Association.

For the 1,842 gentlemen assembled in Washington's Shoreham Hotel the week's work was an exhilarating experience. In one of the early symposia, a speaker rose up, cleared his throat with authority and launched forth with into "Progress Through Drainage." A feeling of warm appreciation followed his remarks, and the golf course managers looked ahead to the upcoming "Program in Controlling Insect Pests Through Research." In smaller panel discussions, several

of the conference delivered themselves of appropriate thoughts on "Seedbed and Its Importance to Turf Maintenance," while others applauded the news that disease, crabgrass and moles were all on the run. And, later, pencils and vest-pocket pens agitated across the backs of programs during the address: "How the Golf Course Superintendent Can Create Publicity for Himself."

But all was not talk. Into the Shoreham's big exhibition room the people who cater to the needs and whims of the superintendents wheeled their finest equipment. There was an electric golf cart with extra-wide, easy-on-the-bender-grass tires. There were new hole-cutters for putting cups, new ball washers (plastic, metal and noiselen for \$33), new plastic bubbles for tee-off markers, new grass seeds—as a salesman said with fealty—containing, by damn, "no weed seeds, no fungus spores, no disease germs and no insects or larvae." There was even a fire-engine-red maintenance tractor, brilliantly conceived with a two-way radio for emergency distress calls. ("Travis," a green-keeper can radio his assistant from clubhouse headquarters, "get your tractor over to the eighth fairway on the double. A fallen limb is blocking the right of way.") And Travis, puttering around the pond by the 14th green, should be off like sixty.)

What was not on display was en-



Dog Show

These thoroughbreds
Appear short;
I guess the limelight
Wings their mood.

—EDITH BLANCHARD

visioned. And perhaps a Maryland course superintendent had the most advanced idea of all: a curtain of air around the whole course to warm it in winter, cool it in summer. Perhaps that must wait until the cost of nuclear power is substantially reduced. But we thought you'd like to know that the men who should be thinking ahead about such things are thinking ahead.

The Uninvited

ON THE NIGHT of January 20, two purposeful young men crossed the campus of Iowa State College at Ames, entered the student union, strode up to the desk clerk and set down their bags.

"We'd like rooms," said one.

"We're here to see Coach Jim Myers," said the other.

Without a second thought, the room clerk took up his pen and issued them rooms. As he watched them walk away, he thought pleasantly to himself: there go two more football prospects.

He was wrong. There, in effect, went Coach Myers—right off the Ames campus. The two men were Texas A&M students who had come 822 miles north, at their own expense, to speak personally with Myers. In the historical analysis of the event now widely accepted in Texas, they are credited with being the decisive influence in persuading Myers to quit his job at Iowa State in favor of one more equidistant at A&M (SI, Feb. 15).

Anyway, next day the Texans came downtown, ate breakfast and went to Coach Myers' office. Some time later, having done their best to proselytize the coach, they returned to the student union, checked out and asked for their bills of lodging.

The clerk told them to forget it: any friends of Coach Myers were friends of Iowa State. He bucked the bills to the athletic business manager, Merl J. Ross, who takes care of that sort of thing.

Last week, after some chin-stroking, Mr. Ross bucked the bills, at \$3.55 each, to Gary Rollins and John Hagler, A&M student missionaries, at College Station, Texas.

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HOT ROD HEIRS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ASSEMBLE AN ENGINE



ROCKETRY IS NEWEST CHALLENGE TO JESUS "HOT RODDERS"



KILLIAN "HOT MINDS"

GLITTERING GENERALITY OF THE WEEK

AT A CONFERENCE of scholars in New Haven last week Dr. James R. Killian Jr. called for a national effort to "de-emphasize the hot rodders among our youth and to encourage the hot minds."

Ordinarily, as the humble counsel to the nation's carefree hours, this magazine would hesitate to look home with the boss man of MIT and the President's top adviser on national horsepower. In any case, our objection may well turn out to be only one of semantics. Nevertheless, there is to us an unwholesome and febrile connotation in the term "hot mind" and a comparable injustice in Dr. Killian's casual brushing aside of a breed of youthful experimenters whose natural ancestors helped make this nation great.

Even before its official birth, the U.S. was a country of hot rodders, a nation of inextinguishable mechanical tinkers just as keen on improving the family spinning wheel as the expense of the schoolbook as today's young men are bent on conjuring up a motorcar better than Detroit's out of the rusty detritus of the nation's junk yards. Even with an education at Yale to back him, young Eli Whitney failed to get a job as a teacher, but Eli's inveterate patting over mechanics led him in time to conceive the notion of making guns with interchangeable parts—a notion which not

only helped his country out of a temporary military hole but marked the birth of its eventual leadership in the field of mass production.

Curiosity, a thirst for adventure and a stubborn refusal to accept at face value what it says in the text-books—these have long been national American characteristics. They belonged to Ben Franklin, Tom Edison, Henry Ford, and those obstinate Wright boys who were always regretting their bicycle business to play with mechanical kites. Hot rodders? We're inclined to think they were all worthy of the name, as indeed was a young German boy named Werner von Braun. Von Braun, who more than anybody else was responsible for putting the U.S. satellite Explorer into orbit, did his hot rodding—pardon, hot rocketing—in a Berlin junk yard.

"It is my own deep conviction," said Dr. Killian last week, "that the liberal arts cannot be liberal without including science, and that humanism is an indispensable ally of science in a sound scientific education." Offhand, SENATOR HENRI KENNEDY can think of no moments when science, the liberal arts and the humanities are in closer alliance than those in which a young, grass-sprinkled American, watched over tenderly by an adoring girl in blue jeans, labors lovingly over a rusty engine block in a leaky shed on the frontier of the future.

—AND HOT ROCKETERS' ROCKETS RISE





SNOW AND FUN: GRADE A IN DAIRYLAND

February as usual found the world full of skiing. There was a jam in the Austrian Tyrol to watch the world ski championships (see page 40), seemingly unending processions on the slopes of the Sierras and the Rockies, not to mention the venerable old slopes of New England. In the Laurentians, 40,000 skiers' cars clogged the Montreal road for six hours. But perhaps the most interesting pictorial evidence of skiing's fascination came from the dairy and lake country of Wisconsin—a land with hardly a topographical hump worth mentioning. Here, too, skiers were finding slopes. The run at Mt. Telemark, Wis. (R8), a half mile from top to bottom, last week logged in its 20,000th skier—he and all his predecessors apparently as happy as if the Tyrol and the Rockies had never been invented. Telemark skiers were but part of a record tally of 340,000 skiers in the Midwest this winter. One good reason for all the activity: the 300 ski-tow areas in the Midwest are having some of the best snow conditions ever.

Photograph by Anthony Lane

A BONNY CURL IN WESTCHESTER

Sixteen Scottish ladies, members of a curling team which spent four weeks playing clubs in the U.S. and Canada, last week engaged the Westchester Wicks (a wick is when one stone strikes another) at the St. Andrews Golf Club, Hastings, N.Y., the oldest, established, permanent golf club in the U.S.

In the cold and rather dismal climate of the indoor rink, the women—the Scots in Balmer's, tartans and employing little push brooms, the Wicks using corn brooms—sent the 42½-pound stones off with the rumble of a subway train. The skips, or captains, directed their teammates with cries of (from Westchester),

"Come on, Henderson, get after this one!" and (from Scotland), "You need a wee bit of weight this time!"

Although the proficient Scots won handily ("We were creamed," admitted one staid old Wick), there was no gloom in Westchester. The proper emphasis is curling, which, as a chap related at the St. Andrews bar, is "either the stupidest game in the world or the most fascinating," is not so much on winning as on camaraderie. A sign in the warming room of the curling house at St. Andrews admonishes the players to remember that "We're Brothers A." Or Sisters A'. From their gracious smiles at the postmatch tea, the girls remembered.

Photographs by Morris Newman



SCOTS AWE, Mrs. Mary Night, Apr., shows with broom where stones should go.



HAPPY SCOTS. Mrs. Jenny Nicol, Kilmaleid; Mrs. Priscilla Burns, Perth; Mrs. Mary Forrester, Kilmaleid; Mrs. Sheila Alexander, Edinburgh, team occasionally.



POUNDED AFTER her stone is Mrs. Jack Henderson, Hastings, N.Y.



WESTCHESTER WOM. Mrs. James Young, Haverdale, N.Y., delivers stone.



Women deliver a stone three times then rest but achieve the same degree of accuracy.



FOURMATCH TEAM finds the Misses Alexander, Stuart, Foxworth relaxing under portrait of John Reid, founder of St. Andrews and the father of American golf.



A FURIOUS THRESHING IN THE LION'S DEN

by COLES PHINIZY

THE AUSTRALIANS who have been rampaging triumphantly in the front ranks of swimming for the past two years are about to cut loose again. From this weekend to the next, at Melbourne, before jammed galleries of 5,500 in the Olympic pool where Australia wallowed the world 14 months ago, an even finer collection of Australian men and girls will be taking the starting blocks in their national championships. The field includes more than a dozen Olympic veterans and all of Australia's current world record holders, and the winners' rewards will include tentative selection on the squad that will defend Australia's supremacy at the Empire Games and elsewhere in the coming year. For this reason, just as the U.S. Olympic trials have become the world's toughest, closest fight in track, Australia's swimming championships have become the fiercest swimming scrap—a battle among the lions to decide which lion the rest of the world will be thrown to.

The lion leading the Australian pack into the fight this week is a muscular, square-faced, solemn and polite 15-year-old New South Welshman named John Konrads, and the leading lioness at the moment seems to be Konrads' 13-year-old kid sister, Ilsa. As readers of the small items on U.S. sport pages may have noticed, in the past five weeks Australians set 12 world swimming records, and the young Konrads set eight of these. Ilsa Konrads made new marks in the 800-meter and 800-yard freestyle; brother John broke every freestyle record from 300 meters to half mile.

JOHN AND ILSA were toddlers when they first emigrated from Latvia to Australia.

A 13-year-old boy and his kid sister will be in the

thick of it when the Australians, lords of the swimming universe,

battle for the honor of slaying less water-minded nations

It is doubtful if the Konradses will do as much record breaking this coming week, but there is no doubt they will be swimming all out. Merely to win the three events he has entered—the 220, the 440 and the bastard "mile" distance of 1,660 yards—John Konrads will have to beat six Olympic finalists. Fred Hubbard, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* correspondent in Australia, points out that since John has touched out all these Olympians at some time, young Konrads' position in the coming fight is a reasonably comfortable one. His little sister Ilsa, however, will have a terrible time. Ilsa is well muscled, like her brother, graceful in the water, and shapely, although still showing the gangling traces of her 13 years. She enters the arena at Melbourne as a girl prodigy, but in the arena she will meet some girls who were prodigies themselves not too long ago and who are quite ready to beat a 13-year-old down to size. In the 110-yard sprint, Ilsa Konrads will go against Lorraine Crapp, Dawn Fraser and Sandra Morgan, who all won Olympic gold medals in the sprint relay. At 440 yards, Lorraine Crapp, Sandra Morgan, Ilsa Konrads and Dawn Fraser, in the order named, are the fastest girls the world has known. Whether 13-year-old Ilsa comes in first or fourth, the 440-yard swim will be a corker.

The extreme youth of the record-breaking Konradses is not, as any

swimming coach in the world will attest, in itself remarkable. The sport has known many juvenile prodigies—Jimmy McLane and Sylvia Ruzicka, to hurriedly pick two from the U.S. Olympic list. The Konradses are the first great Australian swimmers who were not native born. They were brought as toddlers by their parents from Latvia. The Konradses first entered the world of swimming five years ago, when their present coach, Don Talbot, at age 19, was earning a divided living as assistant to the famous coach Frank Guthrie, and as instructor at Roversky grammar school in the industrial suburban town of Bankstown outside Sydney. Ten-year-old John Konrads approached Talbot in the halls of Roversky grammar and asked for lessons. Talbot arranged for Konrads to join the Bankstown swimming club. When Konrads showed up at the pool, he had a bubby, 8-year-old girl in tow. "This is my sister, Ilsa," he explained. "She wants lessons, too." For the five years since they learned, the Konradses have been swimming hard.

Since some Americans, Japanese, Canadians, Germans, Russians, Britons, South Africans, French, Red Chinese, Italians, New Zealanders, Hungarians and Dutch have also been swimming hard for five years, this startling success of young Australians poses a question in very

continued

provoking terms. How can the young bloods of a country of 10 million rule a dozen countries totaling more than one billion? Any sport in any country is pyramidal in shape. The base of the pyramid is the mass popularity of the sport, and while some championships, true, reach remarkable heights with little support, the heights any country can hope to attain and hold in the long run depend greatly on the broad base of a popular interest. Australia for many years has been thinking boldly and wisely of swimming as a sport of all its people. The Australians have spent loving care on the base of the pyramid and only recently worked very hard at the summit. The U.S. swimming structure, in contrast, has been crotching at the bottom for years. Swimming in the U.S. today has more the crotched shape of a needle fork. There is heroic work going on at the top, and some good work in age-group swimming on the face of the fork, but at the bottom, among the average citizens, activity has all but ceased. The U.S. base actually is diminishing as we become the world's greatest race of spectators and do-nothings. In the U.S. the secret is on the negative. The average Australian child learns to swim; the average American, if he learns anything, learns how not to drown. Australians swim, Americans do not.

The city of Sydney, that now can proudly call the Komrades its own, fronts on headlands that are analogized with some of the finest and most dangerous beaches in the world. As if the surf lines were not enough, on the face of the headlands swimming pools are perched like Italian villas. The frames of tidal pools, netted to exclude sharks, line the arms of Sydney's harbor, and inland, miles from beach or harbor, in areas like Bankstown, where the Komrades live, there are 55-yard public pools. There are, in all Sydney, 34 pools adequate for staging Olympic competition. A big U.S. city does well if it has more than one. Surfing and swimming are social sports down under, enjoyed in Sydney by members of two dozen surfing and four dozen swimming clubs (total membership: 12,000; age of members: 5 to 60). All Australia, a land with a population roughly equal to the greater New York area, supports more than 650 surfing and swimming clubs.

For a boy in suburban Bankstown, the material cost of becoming a world champion is very low. It costs 6c to get into the pool; a junior membership in the Bankstown swimming club is 55c a season. For Coach Don Talbot's most complete program, six months of twice-a-day training, the charge is \$23.66—about 1/3 the price many Americans will pay for a second

television set so they can get jargon out of the living room. For the Australian child whose highest aim is to swim well enough to enjoy the booming surf and all the country's watery heritage, the cost is next to nothing. In the first chapter of the thick syllabus outlining its aims and program for primary schools, the New South Wales Education Department includes the objective of producing "the maximum number of all-round swimmers." Sixty thousand N.S.W. students last year learned to swim as part of the regular curriculum. This past month, as the Komrades rounded out their training for the nationals, hordes of children were squeezed into the Bankstown pool. It was vacation-time down under, but the education department was teaching 25,000 more pupils in an extra-curricular "learn to swim" program. The little Sydney boy who cannot wait for the school program to get around to him and who cannot afford even the modest fee the Komrades pay can come to the Bankstown pool anyway and learn some swimming from two amateur volunteer coaches. Parents and grandparents can learn at night from the same coaches.

It is summer now down under, and on a hot Sunday there are more than half a million Australians tumbling ball-moll, gliding, sliding, plunging, diving, jumping and swimming in the rolling lines of surf. Out by the headlands the great waves rise, 8, 10, 12 feet, and topple with a roar, spilling body surfers down their sleek, rolling faces and pushing board riders shoreward like bareback riders. As they boom to shore, the thick, boiling wave fronts bury swimmers by the thousands. Australia's lifeguards—lifeguards, as they call them—barely turn a head to notice. The people can swim. If, perhaps, a few currents, there are dozens around them in the water who bloody well can. Australia has a most intelligent lifeguard system, that depends upon men who are there not for pay but because they enjoy it. On a day of rough surf, for every lifeguard on an explicit tour of duty in his enclosure, there will be a dozen scrambling around in the surf among the rest of the water lovers. On weekends at the Sydney pools there are club meets, interval meets and district meets. The first bark of a gun may send a pack of thrashing neoprene off in a 55-yard race. The next scream on the mark may be one-legged war veterans or 55-year-old bank



AUSTRALIAN NO-BURNERS: 24-month-old Johnny, son of the late, famed swimmer John Marshall, is here unceremoniously hoisted into Melbourne water while his young mother, Wendy, stands watchfully by and another toddler views the proceedings.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HAMILTON

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AFTER 328 BOARDS BY THE LAKE 'A GREAT TEAM WON'

by CHARLES GOREN

The world's bridge title again went to those amazing Italians in the playoff alongside the beautiful shores of Lake Como

Three fine Italian hands are still the contract bridge champions of the world. Successfully defending the title they won in New York last year, Italy's great six-man bridge team took up a comfortable position on the shores of beautiful Lake Como. There, as expected, they easily repulsed South America's champions, Argentina, 259 to 167. And, not quite as expected, they also outplayed and outscored the formidable foursome representing the United States, 316 to 179, thereby upsetting the pre-tournament calculations of a majority of those "experts" who climbed out on a limb to predict the probable result. Included among the casualties when that limb broke was your reporter.

The U.S. drew what comfort it could from its expected victory over an inexperienced Argentine team, 211 to 179, in the third match of this 1968 World Contract Bridge Championship. (Championships played in Europe are scored by International Match Points, one IMP being roughly equal to 100 total points.)

We should have been forewarned by the consistent record of this Italian team of Walter Avaroli, Giorgio Belladonna, Egonio Chiaradia, Massimo D'Alelio, Pietro Forquet and Guglielmo Sinigaglia—great sportsmen as well as great players. I, for one, had good reason not to underestimate them after their brilliant performance against the United States team on which I played last year, when Italy first captured the world title.

But going against them was one of our strongest line-ups—B. Jay Becker, John R. Crawford, George Rapee, Sidney Silodor, Tobias Stone and Alvin Roth. This time,

it appeared, our team would not be subject to the principal criticism leveled in the past—good players but no partnerships. The lineup shuffles that took place during the match against Italy were eloquent proof that U.S. versatility was not an advantage compared to Italy's plan—and the method used by most European countries—of a team comprising three permanently wedded pairs.

The 1968 championship broadened its "world" scope by including the winners of the South American championship. Thus, there were three separate matches of 164 deals each, played team against team. For Argentina, Alejandro Castro, Alejandro Orsiedo, Hector Cramer, Marcelo Lerner, Carlos Cabana and Albert J. Blumson played gallantly but suffered from lack of experience in world championship play.

It was a foregone conclusion that the championship would hinge on the match between the U.S. and Italy, and great crowds turned out to watch the struggle between the two titans on the Bridge-O-Rama.

The margin of the Italian victory, 57 IMPs, was conclusive—but it would be wrong to draw the conclusion that American methods and American players have fallen behind Europe in general and Italy in particular. The match was no scrum. Going into the final 16 deals 28 points behind, the U.S. team had cut that margin below 20 points in the next four hands. At that point, the tide was still up for grabs—but the Italian team rallied to do the grabbing. No single hand can tell the story of a 164-deal match, but boards 60 and 64 may well have been the crucial ones. The United States team, off to a jittery start in both its matches, was trailing Argentina as well as Italy after two days' play. But by the conclusion of the third session, our representatives had settled down to pull well ahead of the South American entry and narrow Italy's lead to 17 International Match Points, the equivalent of less than 2,000 total points.



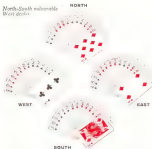
THE OLD-WORLD BRIDGEUR



EL COMODORO CASINO SURROUNDS BRIDGE-0-RAMA, SOUNDPROOF BOOTH IN WHICH PLAYERS CAN BE WATCHED BY HUNDREDS

In the early hands of the fourth session, accurate bidding and play whittled this lead still further, until deal No. 66, when disaster struck in both rooms. This was the pivotal deal:

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



The bidding in the closed room, where play was without spectators:

WEST (Rosen)	NORTH (Belmont)	EAST (Shore)	SOUTH (Larson)
2♠	PASS	3 NO TRUMP	5♠
PASS	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Sloder's judgment in bidding five clubs was excellent, as four spades could not be defeated. Unfortunately, Lady Luck failed to smile upon Raper's chosen play.

North opened the 5 of spades, which was taken in dummy, and the king of clubs was played. North ducked but won the second club and shifted to the jack of hearts. Declarer ruffed and, after drawing North's remaining trumps, was left with only one trump and six diamonds. A two-two diamond split would make the hand, but when North played the 8 on the diamond lead toward dummy, Raper considered the possibility that South held a singleton. The odds were two to one that such a singleton would be the jack or the 10 rather than the king, so dummy's queen was finessed and lost—a 1,350-point disaster.

A heart recede forced West's last trump and when the diamonds failed to drop under the ace, instead of making the contract West was down four, losing 700 points.

In the open room, where 600 to 700 spectators followed the play, the bidding went:

WEST (Belmont)	NORTH (Rosen)	EAST (Forquet)	SOUTH (Crawford)
2♠	PASS	3 NO TRUMP	5♠
PASS	4♥	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Siniscalco went into a long trance before he passed, but his bid had announced a weak two-suiter and he had to accept his partner's decision. Forquet won the opening diamond lead and shifted to the king of clubs.

Dummy won and cashed the heart jack, revealing the trump break. Crawford then made the clever play of king of spades from dummy, dropping West's queen

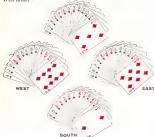
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and East's ace. But the 10 of clubs forced him down to one trump fewer than East. After East trumped the fourth spade, the queen of diamonds play again forced South to trump and established a long trump in East's hand for the setting trick.

A low heart lead from dummy instead of the jack would have allowed South to make his contract. After surrendering the spade ace, South could make two spade tricks, ruff two in dummy with the jack and 10 of trumps and round out his 19 tricks by making all the trumps in his own hand. This would have more than recouped the loss at the other table and shaved another two IMPs off the Italian lead. Instead, another 294 points was added to the swing, producing a total deficit for the United States of 900 points.

In an effort to make up the loss, Crawford resorted to swing tactics four boards later. The tactics were correct, but his ammunition was inadequate.

East-West vulnerable NORTH
West dealer



In the closed room, our East-West pair duly arrived, quite normally, at the contract of three no trump without adverse bidding. They made four-odd, scoring 630 points.

In the open room, however, the bidding went:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
<i>Clubbid</i>	<i>Bidder</i>	<i>Partner</i>	<i>Crashed</i>
1 ♣	PASS	2 ♣	2 ♠
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

This deal shows the highly artificial Neapolitan Club system (SI, Jan. 27) in action in both the bidding and the play. West's one-club bid announced a strong hand; East's two-club response showed three "controls" (ace = two controls; king = one control). Against this kind of system, where no suit has been shown and neither partner knows a thing about the other's distribution, preemptive tactics are often most effective. This time, however, South's suit was too weak to permit the harassing campaign with reasonable safety.

The defense by Siniscalco and Perquet was a thing of beauty. Knowing his partner held three controls, West assumed these included the ace of clubs, so he opened



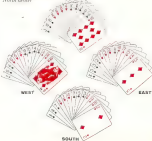
TENSE BIDDING MOMENT INSIDE THE BRIDGE-O-RAMA BOOTH

the club 6. East won and returned a spade. The appearance of South's king enabled West to read that his partner's remaining control was the king of hearts. He therefore underled the ace of hearts and, on the return of that suit, picked off three heart tricks. The king of clubs and the high spade were cashed. This accounted for all seven of declarer's side cards, and deftly evaded any chance that West would be caught in an end play. With nothing left but diamonds, declarer had to give up four trump tricks. South took but two tricks and the resulting 1,344-point penalty plastered the U.S. team with a 679-point net deficit.

At the close of this disastrous fourth day, that lead had soared to 33 match points, and although we decried it in some of the ensuing sessions, Italy always was able to build it back. Jean Bessis, Swiss expert and one of my favorite partners in my tournament jaunt through Europe last summer, observed at the end of the match: "The Italians were less erratic. They played on an even keel, while the U.S. pitched and tumbled."

Another deal that saw a victory for Italian bidding style was board No. 113:

Neither side vulnerable NORTH
North dealer





INVOLVED (L. TO R.) BECKER, REESE, QUAINANCE AND BOTH

East and West passed throughout, and the bidding at the two tables went:

With U.S. North and South: With Italy North and South:

NORTH	SOUTH	NORTH	SOUTH
<i>Canfield</i>	<i>Becker</i>	<i>Quainance</i>	<i>Reese</i>
PASS	1♠	1♠	1 NO TRUMP
2♠	PASS	2♠	2 NO TRUMP
		2 NO TRUMP	PASS

The North hand is one which Americans sometimes bid, sometimes pass. My own feeling is distinctly in favor of opening. Having passed it, North would have made a stronger response except that Becker's opening bid fit his singleton. Since Becker himself had opened a sub-minimum bid, he was correct to pass the two-club response. North made five-odd, but the game had not been bid so he scored 150 points—including a 50-point bonus for making a part score contract.

In the other room, the Italian North could not open with one club, the strong bid, but this proved to be an advantage. Because the one-club opening is used for all hands counting 17 points or more, an opening bid of one in any other suit is limited in strength, and light opening bids gain an added measure of safety. North had ample values to bid one heart. The defenders got just their four top-card tricks and the Italians scored 400 for game.

If I seem to be stressing Italy's good hands, this is not to say that the United States did not have its share of brilliant bids and plays. There were numerous deals on which our team gained wings, of course. Even when their home favorites lost points, the generous Italian audience never failed to cheer a good performance, and several times our players earned an ovation. But it was, after all, an Italian triumph, and the decisive hands were those on which Italy gained.

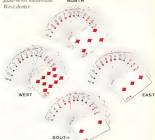
Board 128 was an example of the kind of swing that caused Florence Reese, one of Britain's best and best-known experts, to comment: "Delaying tactics and failure to act promptly in entering the bidding proved costly to the United States." The Roth-Stone system, notably successful at match point play, has proved somewhat less effective at total points.

Italy, East and West, had no trouble getting to game on this bidding:

East-West vulnerable

West deals

NORTH



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
<i>Canfield</i>	<i>Becker</i>	<i>Quainance</i>	<i>Reese</i>
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
2 NO TRUMP	PASS	PASS	PASS

With the heart suit blocked so that the opponents got only two tricks in it, West was able to set up spade winners to round out nine tricks and the game.

At the first table, our North-South pair never had a chance to get into the auction. Yet, at the other table, Italy's North-South pair were able to do so much bidding the strong East-West hands were nearly shut out. The bidding went:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
<i>Canfield</i>	<i>Becker</i>	<i>Quainance</i>	<i>Reese</i>
PASS	1♥	PASS	1♠
PASS	2♥	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Stone's initial pass does not meet with my views. Most players would open West's hand, but it does not qualify as an opening bid in the Roth-Stone system. Roth's decision to pass the double is a strange choice, in view of the likelihood that East and West could make a vulnerable game. Playing at two hearts doubled, North managed to make seven tricks for a loss of only 100 points, so Italy gained 500 for another 4 match points.

Expert observers found the results sometimes a bit weird, but the audience as a whole found it exciting. The match between Italy and the U.S. played to capacity at almost every session, with enormous interest displayed during the last few sessions. They were treated to a few unexpected incidents, including a bid out of turn by Stone that cost his team a few hundred points and, on the very same hand, a lead out of turn by Silvestro that caused no harm.

However, to hear out the impartial observers' feeling that the luck of the cards was about even, here is

continued on page 63

Bad Day at Bad Gastein

Spills had cost America's Bud Werner two world ski models before he ran the third and final race

THE world ski championships at Bad Gastein, Austria last week belonged to the Austrians, but the most dramatic moments belonged to an American. At the starting gate of the downhill race on the final day there was a bang and then a silence as America's Bud Werner sank into starting position and waited for the count-down. The season-long duel between Werner and the Austrians (31, Feb. 3) had thus far ended with one or more Austrians snort watch ticks ahead. A few minutes before, Austrian Toni Sailer had posted the best downhill time of the day. Those who had seen Werner race—and most of the 50,000 watching the downhill had—knew to what lengths he would go

to salvage this last and biggest race.

At the "Go!" Werner moved out of the gate, pistoning his ski poles into the ground for speed, and charged down toward the first control markers. Halfway down the course he was a second behind Sailer's time. Then, taking chance after chance at 60 mph, Werner began to catch up, gaining on the clock, gaining on Sailer. At the top of the final chute, in sight of the finish, Werner took to the air as if peppered out of a cannon in a final gamble to gain time. He came down slightly off balance, lost control, fell, went into a sickening cart wheel, bounced, lost a ski, then slid flat toward the finish line, struggling to get up as he slid, finally got

upright—still sliding—and jacked his way across the finish line on his left ski alone, a hopeless 14 seconds behind Sailer's winning time.

After a season in Europe which no other American had even come close to duplicating, Werner had lost the one world championship medal that he had a good chance to win, a championship that would have been America's first.

Everyone predicted that the Austrians would win at Bad Gastein and, in a general way, everyone was right. With impassioned crowds chanting "Hops! Hops! Hops!" as they came into the final chute, the Austrians played the course like old troupers before home town crowds. Beyond the finish line lay careers of national adulation, movie contracts, 200SL sports cars as Christmas presents, headlines higher than spitballs and guaranteed security in middle age as the manager of a sporting goods store in Vienna or a ski resort in the Rockies.

The pattern was laid in the first event, the men's slalom, when Karl Schranz from Austria's second team was chosen as foreman to host the course. Schranz's unofficial slopping at the bottom was better than all but those of Rieder and Sailer, two of his teammates. Schranz may indeed have given his eminent countrymen an assist. After his own run, he took a station near Gate 54 in time to signal Rieder and Sailer ("Lunges!"—"Slowly!"—he cried) that the turn was icy. Schranz's action, variously described as an outrageous breach of the rules and as a fine, comradely gesture, may or may not have had an influence on the result. It is a fact that Bud Werner, running the best slalom race of his life, slipped and fell at Gate 54, lost four seconds, and came in fourth. Rieder and Sailer



SLIPPING snow streams from Bud Werner's skis as he makes a slalom gate at high speed in the world ski championships. Fall during race dropped him to fourth place.

took Gate 56 "hangover" and finished one-two.

It was a long day—there were 88 competitors from 25 nations including such hitherto neglected provinces of ski as Argentina and Iran. The last starters came down with an unpleasant, scraping sound over a course that had turned into corrugated ice. Almost all of them spilled, the times lengthened and the crowd disintegrated and returned to their hotels in town.

Bad Gastein itself was a little bizarre. An old-fashioned watering place built around a waterfall, it had everything polished up for the occasion. Prices were up, neon lights flashed on the mountain, the waterfall was flooded to resemble a stage set for *Ole Valkyrie*, but the town remained what it is: a cluster of big, heavy, plastered and pedimented hotels built along the sides of a gorge to receive Austro-Hungarian archdukes and millionaires of the 1880s when they came up to take the waters for kidney disease and an autocratic variety of nervous disorders. The modern millionaires of the Ruhr and their wives, expensively and inelegantly dressed, sat all week long by the green marble columns and under the immense chandeliers, their stately and stuffy presence a baroque contrast to the hearty, informal, booted ski crowd.

Two skiers had other things to do than hobnob with Ruhr aristocracy. If the men's slalom set up a familiar pattern of Austrian victory, the ladies' slalom the next day broke it. The winner was a comparative outsider, Inger Bjørnbakken of Norway. She came across the finish with an enormous pearly smile to remind the crowd that hers was the country skiing came from.

It was assumed that Toni Sailer would win the giant slalom. He has not lost one of these since 1955. He was 8.8 seconds ahead of his teammate Rüder, an amazing margin. He is still the finest skier alive. Watching him gives one a chance to see the difference between a grand master and a merely first-class skier. Sailer's secret is that he adheres to the fundamental law of skiing, which is that a flat ski is the fastest ski. Sailer does not edge except at the key moment in the turn, and then his skis are flat again.

Nowadays he ends up in a whirl of snow at the finish with a full-faced smile.



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Tip from the Top

BOBBY CRUICKSHANK, Champions CC, Pittsburgh

Avoiding the death grip

I'm sure the greatest of all errors in golf is tension. I believe it begins in the fingers and spreads all through the player's body, and that this is the cause of just about all of the common errors in golf.

Since tension generally starts in the fingers, I believe that the most important thing to learn first is how to hold the club correctly. Most high-handicap players, and especially the women, tend to clump a death grip on the shaft. They defeat themselves right then. By gripping the club with such tension, they become tense through the forearms, the shoulders, the neck, the knees, the legs—the entire body. They should remember that it is muscular coordination and not tension that makes a golfer.

A golfer must have a really good grip, and he must work on his left hand particularly. There should be a sense both of grip and feeling in the fingers of the left hand, especially the fingers nearest the top of the shaft. Along with this, there has to be a cultivated feeling of the steady pressure of the fleshy heel of this hand. The two together undoubtedly form the master part of the golfer's "feel." Once this right feeling is acquired, it influences everything: a relaxed stance can be more easily assumed, and such a stance encourages the subsequent flexibility and speed that are the life of the proper delivery of the club face to the ball.



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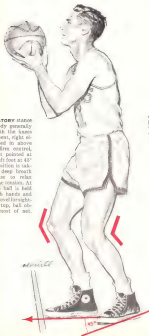
HECK WHEAT—BIL Roach on putting Bermuda grass greens

The Perfect Free Throw

Bill Sharman of the Boston Celtics, best free thrower in the nation, here demonstrates his specialty; his impeccable style is caught by Artist Ed Vossell

For five successive years now Bill Sharman has led the National Basketball Association at the free-throw line with an 83½-percentage. He holds the record with 55 in a row in competition and with 11 straight floor shots. Sharman's concentration and confidence while shooting cannot be shown graphically; they are, of course, fundamental to the success of the technique here described.

PREPARATORY STANCE shows body generally loose, with the knees slightly bent, right elbow pulled in above hip for firm control, right foot pointed at basket, left foot at 45° angle. Position is taken after deep breath and pause to relax from game tension. At this time ball is held with both hands and raised to level for sighting over top, ball obscuring most of net.



WAGGLING ball before shot loosens wrist, also gives "feel" of ball weight, which varies with player's condition.

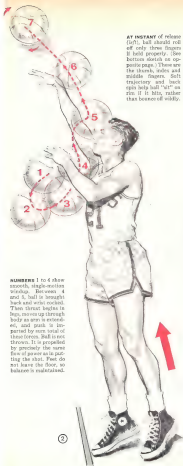


SHOOTING position, taken after waggle, has ball controlled only by tips of fingers, where sense of touch is concentrated.



TO PREVENT ball from rolling off rim of hoop, knuckles are at angle to wire, not parallel. Aim is at basket, not board.





AT INSTANT of release (left), ball should roll off only three fingers if held properly. (See bottom sketch on opposite page.) These are the thumb, index and middle fingers. Soft trajectory and back spin help ball "sit" on rim if it hits, rather than bounce off wildly.

NUMBERS 1 to 6 show smooth, single-motion windup. Between 4 and 5, ball is brought back and wrist cocked. Then thrust begins as legs move up through body as arm is extended, and push is imparted by sum total of these forces. Ball is not thrown. It is propelled by precisely the same flow of power as in putting the shot. Feet do not leave the floor, so balance is maintained.



FOLLOW-THROUGH is just as essential as in golf or baseball swing. If free-throw motion is smooth, follow-through flows naturally. Arm is fully extended and in straight line. Wrist is still at same angle as in first step. Eyes never leave basket. Sharman uses this type of free throw because it is the same in most situations, as the one-hand jump, so a player practices one while executing other.



BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Climbing the flagpole

30 This exercise is designed to help you acquire a trim, flat abdomen

This week's exercise, which Bonnie calls "the flagpole," gives your abdominal muscles even more of a workout than last week's leg stretch and is the next step in the series of abdominal exercises which you started doing last August. Be sure to include several different abdominal maneuvers in each of your daily fitness sessions. Weak muscles in this area are common, and strengthening them will not only make you feel better but will reduce unsightly bulges. In this one be sure to keep your raised leg as straight as possible and relax completely when you drop back to the floor.



Lie flat on the floor with hands placed slightly above the level of your head. Raise your right leg to as perfect a 90° angle as you can manage.



Swing your trunk up and grab right ankle with hands. If this is hard at first, go up leg hand over hand. Repeat with left leg. Do five each.

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SOUL: FRED: shirt (\$4, by Tamaris Kiefe for Marlboro) is worn by Sports Car Driver Ted Boynton, taking the sun with Hans Kaethen at Naama's Palm House.

WORKING: DINO: printed silk shirt—\$20, Tifanny, worn here by Ted Boynton, is one of a collection of Tibbett sporting prizes.



SUNSHINE: edifying a silk shirt—\$20, Krazy—worn here by Bruce Parker, Naama's water-skiing and windsurfing expert.



Bold Plumage

Photographs by Raymond Chouard

The sporting male, thanks to his mate, gets bolder every season, and now he's breaking into print in the brightest assortment of sports shirts to appear since Harry Truman's salad-shirt days. After a 16-year hiatus, the patterned shirt is back, with ships and sails and hunting dogs, old guns, sea chanteys and treasure maps stealing the quieter thunder of such new traditionalists as madras, stripes and foulards. These new prints spring predominantly from the sporting scene. Many have been inspired by the decorator fabrics found in a man's den. All of them are in more careful control of taste than the last batch of flora and fauna that sprouted on sports shirts. The examples shown here were photographed at Nassau's Speed Week. Teamed with a new batch of trousers, in colors ranging from melon red to chrome yellow (\$13.50, in poplin, \$17.50 in Orion and cotton flannel, Brooks Brothers), they forecast that men this summer will present a bolder front on the sporting scene.



GUN-BEARING SHIRT (\$22.50, *Peckham*) is sported by Campbell Smith of Washington, D.C., chatting with Mrs. Dave Duran at the Royal Victoria's new poolside bar.



SAILBOAT PRINT, black on red (88, *McGregor*), is worn with white flannels by Bob Symonette, owner of Nassau Yacht Haven.

SEA CHANTEY and 19th century prints cover a mustard-yellow shirt (813, *Hanes*) worn by Chuck Hanes, Cleveland sports car importer.



CRACKLE PRINT with decorative rutilations, orange on white, is an example of recent patterning (815, *Isod*).

Sunshine Brings Small Harvests

Florida's only west coast track is a happy mixture of gates, casual crowds, humble horses

EACH WINTER before Sunshine Park opens, men with rifles stand alongside the murky, cordon-rouge-colored infield lake gunning alligators while heavily booted crews stalk the backstretch, dismantling rattlesnakes and water moccasins from the only Thoroughbred race track on the west coast of Florida. Once the basic housework is done, however, Sunshine becomes an unpretentious, refreshing 12-day world once itself.

With quiet valor it battles two greyhound tracks and a jai-alai franchise for the tourist dollar from the expanding "Golden Triangle" formed by St. Petersburg, Tampa and Clearwater. The horses that race over the mile track are mostly charming horses with undistinguished careers, and the jockeys are either young apprentices

just starting in or grizzled oldtimers riding out their waning talents.

While the average paid attendance is only about 2,500, the total often eclipses 4,000 on Tuesdays when women are admitted free. Even on the big day, Saturday, 5,000 stand casually eating apples or licking frozen custard as they watch the horses walk lazily from their barns on the backstretch through the twisting path in the infield on their way to the tiny, green saddling sheds which serve as a paddock at the north end of the grandstand.

Sunshine is more than typical of a web of smaller tracks like Ascot, Cranwood and Wheeling Downs which make up the second echelon of Thoroughbred racing in the United States. "Back in 1933," says the 55-year-old track president, W. Frank Hobbs, "everything to do with racing at Sunshine was justifiably suspect. There wasn't much money and, in fact, purses were only about \$400. But then we started building and

applying paint, and today there are new, \$80,000 barns along the backstretch. With improvements we also attained more financial stability. For example, this year we will run the Florida Breeders Futurity with a purse of over \$5,000.

"At one time, back in 1946 and 1947, you could buy common stock for 19¢ a share. Even last year some was offered for \$1.39 a share." As he said it, Hobbs, a former Tampa lawyer who owns 150,000 shares himself, produced a card showing the current value of a share to be \$3.23.

"Today we run with a minimum purse of \$1,000 and we are trying to expand all the time. We are satisfied with a gradually improving setup—our daily average mutual handle is now \$202,448."

The track itself is controlled (51%) by F.E.M.B. Inc., the initials for New York attorney Frederick E. M. Ballou, who now serves as chairman of the board for Sunshine. "If the weather," says Hobbs, "gets a little better (and it has to) we will probably show a profit of \$100,000 on the year after expenses.

"Today, we're told, any bookmaker in the country will take a bet on a race at Sunshine Park."

It might seem—by comparison to Belmont, Arlington, Hialeah or Santa Anita—that a post parade at Sunshine would reveal a top-heavy proportion of bandages and other assorted protective and prosthetic devices. However, horses, like water, always seem to find their own level, and on any day at Sunshine you might see, among the bandaged and blinkered runners, the colors of Jockey Club Member Tyson Gilpin and the Spring Hill Farm of James D. Morris competing on the same card with horses belonging to the proud one-horse stable owners.

Perhaps the horse and the man who best typify Sunshine Park are Early Bull, a fabulous winner last year, and his 55-year-old co-owner and



EARLY BULL, seen with Trainer Herb Jolley and wife Virginia, enjoyed phenomenal 1952 season, winning 13 races—only two less than the great Board Tab. Early Bull's total winnings were also less rewarding: \$13,135 to Board Tab's \$90,310.

trainer, Herb Jolley. The second cousin of Moody Jolley, the man training the most valued 3-year-old in America today, Nadir, Herb is an easygoing fellow who has been going to Sunshine for the past seven years because "my wife and children can rest down here and get a little time at the beach. And the people are nice to us down here. There is a good track kitchen and I can get some races into my home before I take them up north to Wheeling."

ANOTHER ROUND TABLE

Early Bull, an 8-year-old bay gelding, won two races last year than did the darling of California, Round Table. "There's a great difference between my horse and Round Table, though," says Jolley. "Even though we won 18 races in 18 starts, plus three seconds and one third, we won only \$13,185. Round Table won quite a bit more (\$400,258)."

Last week, as Early Bull was making his first start of 1958 over a track so muddy that it looked like molasses, Jolley talked about his horse. "He can a match race in September against Nooraghe for \$2,000 winner-take-all at Wheeling Downs. Around Wheeling many of the people thought he was as good as Citation. Early Bull broke on top and was in front but then he threw his shoe and was beaten. But he kept winning after that, and in November I started renting him for Sunshine. I own half of him. Bought it for \$1,250. He was always considered a three-legged horse because his left front knee used to be as big as a basketball. But I worked on him day and night, put his leg in a brace and he came around."

A few minutes later Early Bull broke from the gate in front of his field and won easily. Herb Jolley walked down the stretch, ankle-deep in mud, and stood with his wife in the winner's circle. He had won a \$700 purse which he would have to split with the other owner of Early Bull, Cleveland Railroad Man Ford Miller. Last week Early Bull was going for his second victory and \$700 more. Round Table, meanwhile, had run twice in California and won \$46,380.

Sunshine will grow gradually, and if the area in which it sits continues to expand, it might someday be big time. Alligators and raccoons aside, Sunshine is strictly from outer space when compared to the big, jostling world of Jamaica; in the small, cozy and friendly way it is not unlike a Saratoga of the swampslands.

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End of a Dust Storm

At the New Orleans meeting the rule that caused Devon's 1957 dust-up was clarified

REMEMBER the dust-up at the Devon Horse Show that started off the season last June? Night Owl was disqualified because Rider Bill Steinkraus preferred to take second place rather than jump his horse again to break the tie for first (31, June 17, 1957), and arguments raged all summer. Well, the issue is settled now; the cause of the impassioned dispute was given a decent burial at last month's annual convention of the American Horse Shows Association in New Orleans. The culprit rule which caused the discord has been rewritten; in case of a tie for first place an exhibitor now has the option of jumping or taking last place among the tied horses.

This, of course, is exactly what Steinkraus had believed was his privilege and also the principle of the then existing rule, which stated that all ties for first must be broken by jumping off. From now on there can be absolutely no doubt about either the spirit or the letter of the law.

While this was perhaps the most interesting single decision made at the convention, there was a good deal else of importance to the horse show world. First, it was revealed that there were more recognized shows held than ever before—a respectable 362—and that includes only shows held under the rules of the association. There were probably three times this number of nonrecognized events, ranging in size and importance from one-day or night affairs to Chicago's gala week-long show. Despite the mild gloom of recession, indications for 1958 are bigger than ever, with more horses, more shows and more exhibitors in prospect.

Of course, there is a shred of a cloud around the silver lining. Money and

spectators have definitely not kept pace with the growth of the horse show as a sport. And a good deal of unofficial time and talk was expended in New Orleans to find out why. The equally unofficial conclusion—and there it remained—was that horse shows are the most poorly merchandised sport in the world except perhaps for pigeon racing.

The horse show spectator is someone that everyone talks about but no one does much for. Too many announcers, evidently fearing they may block a program sale, hoard information about horses and exhibitors as though it were gold. This does not, of course, endear or indoctrinate the uninitiated. The limp excuses offered, including the one that the judges mustn't be tipped off, undermine the efficiency of the horse show grapevine. Any judge worth his fee generally knows the identity of the horses and certainly should know his own mind. More than likely, he has seen the horses in question and judged them (and perhaps bought or sold them)

before. If he is that unsure he can always buy a program, disguise it in a plain brown paper wrapper and sneak it into his hotel room for perusal.

Then there are the horse show committees that, in a strangely defeatist attitude about the sport they are promoting, decide there must be a feature attraction to loss to the restive spectator. Some of them are good, but most of them are neither desired nor deserved.

The bestowing of the annual high-score awards is the climax of all the conventions, and this year it was given added luster by the presence of Abdullah Al-Khayyal, the Saudi Arabian ambassador, who presented a handsome silver bowl, a gift of King Saud, to Mrs. Garvin E. Tankersley, owner of the high-score Arabian horse, Al-Marah Libdi. This was the first trophy of its kind to be presented by a ruler of another nation, and the only near hitch in the ceremony came when a New Orleans hotel questioned the color of the king's delegate.

For Lyman Orcutt the joy in his award for the top Morgan horse was short-lived. The day after his gubbing, Super Sam, received this honor, the Orcutt barn in Massachusetts caught fire, and Super Sam, along with 16 other Morgans, was killed.

While the association was completing its business, the U.S. Equestrian Team was also holding a meeting. Here the attitude was: be either first-rate or laid up. The team has good riders and some good horses and now plans to send its jumpers to Europe to gain experience. In early fall some of the horses and riders will return to the States and the international competitions of Harrisburg, New York and Toronto.

In fact, the international events may be even more extensive than usual as plans are brewing to open the competition at Washington, D.C. with all the panoply of ambassadorial boxes, a ceremony not seen in the capital since 1936.



BILL STEINKRAUS, last year's victim, was this year's victor in battle of rules.



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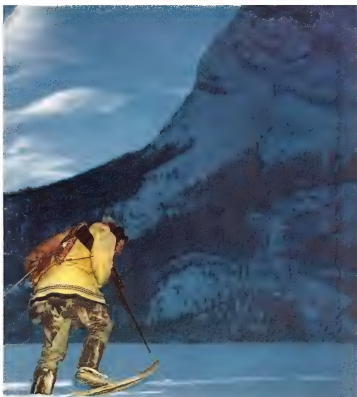
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The Arctic Trail

Photographed by GUD HELMERICKS



ON a bitter day in January, when the thermometer read 47 below zero and the arctic sun slanted low over the frozen landscape, Explorer Bud Helmericks took down his gun and camera and set out from his cabin on the shores of Lake Takahula, Alaska. He was looking for two things: fresh meat for the larder and fresh photographs for his

collection. He got both. Not far from the cabin, he flushed a cow caribou and dropped her with a single shot under the heart. Then he positioned his flash camera near the caribou, set the timer and trudged off with the carcass in tow. The result was this remarkable self-portrait of the hunter and his game, alone in a wilderness of ice and snow.

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continued from page 18

cows take over. There are no glaciers for late spring and summer skiing.

As the map at the right shows, the Arlberg is small. A good skier can start from St. Anton, take the three stages of the Valluga lift (to 2,811 meters, the highest in Austria), ski down through tricky wooded territory to Zürs, then take the Hohenbadener (rise of 550 meters) T bar and slip down to Lech; this is a few hours going from one extremity of the region to the other.

But smallness does not mean unity, and the Arlberg is in reality two rival worlds. When the great railway tunnel under the Arlberg Pass, which opened up this lonely region to the tourist, was built in 1884, the aged hagemaster of St. Anton began his inaugural discourse, they say, with these winged words: "I cannot for the life of me understand why man should try to join what God has put a mountain here to keep asunder." He was referring to his own province of the Tyrol and the cross-mountain one of the Vorarlberg, in which are found St. Anton's ski rivals Lech and Zürs. In St. Anton they speak of the Vorarlbergers as commercialized, hard-boiling Swiss. In Zürs they call the Tyrolese lunkheads, square-heads, farmers; they say they take their cows more seriously than their guests. Both sides will quote legal documents going back to the 15th century to help say it.

THE average skier naturally need not worry about these petty peasant quarrels. With chains on his car he can always get over the pass, or take one of the many and cheap buses that make the climb. It's all close enough so that no one would think of visiting one village without trying at least a couple of the runs in the others.

Next to the business about the unspelled Arlberg, the second slogan you will hear everywhere is: "There is nothing to do in the Arlberg but ski, so they get nothing but serious skiers." So says the long-legged American girl as she untwines herself from her bar stool, and over her shoulder she adds: "I must run off now to a Speck party. Speck is that dreamy home-cured bacon they have here; they cut it off in strips and you drink gallons of red wine and it goes on till 4 in the morning, and you meet all those dreamy counts and everything."

Most Americans who come to the



SMALL BUT CENTRALLY LOCATED, ARLBERG IS GOAL OF SKIERS FROM ALL EUROPE

Arlberg are at least medium skiers to begin with—and they had better be. If they enroll in the ski school they will be under the supervision of such men as Rudi Matt in St. Anton and Professor Krackenhauer in St. Christoph and will get the most advanced instruction available in Europe. International differences, of course, are less pronounced than they used to be. The distinctive features of the old Austrian technique have faded into the neutral style of today. The Arlberg crouch has gone upright, the lower shoulder does not rotate on the turn. The hoppy, hippy movement taught to advanced students as Austrian *Wohls* is the thing today (\$1, Nov. 28 of sep.); it has caught on everywhere and to the innocent eye is indistinguishable from the Swiss *Karrschwing* and the French *gouille*.

An important note for beginners: make sure you can talk to your instructor before you go up any hills with him. Come the high season, every passing goatherd is pressed into service as a *Schiführer*. The pupil who gets one of these hastily drafted instructors at times may be heard longing aloud for the dear old teachers in Switzerland, five seasons behind the latest hot-shot techniques but always repeating their instructions slowly and in three languages.

Once past the language barrier, the beginner will find an ample choice of baby lifts, with good, safe descents. As he gets better he will find in the Arlberg a total of 38 lifts of all descriptions, going up every conceivable kind of slope; and more are planned. Once up, he can take his choice about how to come down, there being up to a dozen trails leading from each summit. From the Valluga, for instance,

even a mediocre skier can get down comfortably via the Ulmer Hütte to St. Christoph. A better man can try it to St. Anton via the Mattenjoch, while an expert can make things hard for himself on the *Schindlerkar* run.

In Zürs there are 45 recognized runs, from the easiest beginners' up to the breakfast rush down the *Madloch*. A special added attraction is that you can ski directly from your hotel to the starting point of the lifts.

If you are one of that old-Roman minority who look down on ski lifts as effete, you have a choice of a dozen or so mountains (the nearest to St. Anton is the *Garnberg*, a 2½-hour climb) up which you can walk, choosing and making your own trail down.

To all this variety and convenience, the Arlberg adds one other major inducement to the traveler: it is cheap. Austria, which had a Russian army of occupation until 1955, is the last of the free nations to catch on to the great boom. Its prices are a third to a half below those of the other Alpine nations. If you are not interested in comfort at all, you can find bed and breakfast for 22 schillings, or \$34 a day. There are boarding houses which offer room and three meals for \$3.40 a day. From there you can work your way up the ladder of luxury to the *Zürcherhof*, where the maximum rate is \$12. A good, average hotel will offer a clean room and meals for \$4 to \$5; with private bath, \$5 to \$8. The meals will be heavy and porky, with drolly Teutonic names like *Bismerschinken*, *Rappelspeisel*, *Rispirat*, and you can wash them down with light Tyrolean wine and heavy local beer and, of course, you can always get yourself invited to a *Speck* party.

—ROBERT WEINICK

I was a center until I was 18, playing for a junior team. One day the coach came up to me and said, 'You're too bloody slow, Harvey. You go on defense.' That's the story of my life."

For six consecutive years now, Harvey has made the NHL all-star team. In the midseason selections by the 42 hockey journalists who pick the all-stars, Harvey was the only unanimous choice this year.

Harvey gets a half dozen or so goals a year, but his principal value on offense is his astonishing clearheadedness and ability to set up plays. He seems to be relaxed, almost lackadaisical, amid the turbulence on the ice. He uses his great gifts economically and to the point; last year he assisted on 44 Montreal goals.

THE ALLEY AND THE ICE

It is common knowledge that considerable physical courage is absolutely necessary in hockey ("If you can't beat 'em in the alley you can't beat 'em on the ice," as Conn Smythe, Toronto's president, says), and here again Harvey cannot be flawed. Those baby-blue eyes mask a proud spirit; he is a dangerous man to arouse. Somebody spared New York's scrappy center, Red Sullivan, with the blade of a stick last year and sent him to the hospital with a ruptured spleen. Sullivan says it was Harvey and swears to "get" him. The story in Montreal is that Sullivan cross-checked Harvey three times in the face with his stick and that Harvey, naturally piqued, let him have it.

Tough boy, Harvey. His moves on the backline have it too.

The veteran Tom Johnson is a big, blond, blue-eyed defenseman who is renowned for his persistence.

St. Laurent, another veteran, is the team's heaviest body-checker. Talbot, playing his third full season with Montreal, is an excellent skater and stick-handler and an expert at getting the puck out of the corners.

The defense corps is nobly aided in the elemental job of keeping the puck out of the Montreal file by Jacques Plante, the goalie himself.

On a recent Saturday before a Chicago-Montreal game, Kenny Bourdon fired up a pipe in his office at the Forum and talked about Plante.

"The way he moves away from the goal to set up a loose puck for the defensemen, my revolutionize goal-

keeping, I'd say he saves them 15% of the work of clearing the puck.

"I'll admit I didn't like it at first. A goalie just didn't move away from the goal like that. It just wasn't done. Well, you'll notice that some of the other goalies are beginning to do it, too. Another thing, Plante's quick. That's why the fans called him Jake the Snake when he was with our Buffalo farm club."

Frank Selke said: "The Canadiens have had some great goalkeepers: Vesina, whose name is on the trophy for goalies; Hainesworth, who had 22 shutouts in a 44-game season; Duran—he had to be good—six years on the all-stars. Plante hasn't been with



PLANTE'S ARMOR is bulky, but he is notably fast in his maneuvers from net.

as very long, but he has played very well. I wouldn't trade him for any goalie in the league."

It is well known, but perhaps worth repeating for late tuners, that the audience at the Forum is like no other. So many of the 13,531 seats are reserved for the season that some holders of those precious bits of paper sit high in the galleries, seats bent and cheeks pressed against steel girders for a clear view of the ice, and consider themselves fortunate to be there at all. The majority are French Canadians, for this is Montreal, with a population of more than one million—three-fourths French-speaking. A few bars of the *Mariébois* are played along with a few bars of *God Save the Queen* at the start of each game. Montreal may have lost French Canada to the eagle on the Plains of Abraham, but the French Canadians have by no means lost their iden-

tity. The Montreal hockey team in the NHL is Le Club de Hockey Canadien—French Canadian, mind you.

Plante, a French Canadian to the eyebrows, played a second game that night and gave up only one goal, on which he had no chance. Harvey was superb, stopping a vicious shot at one point when Plante was scrambling back after one of his patented sorties away from the net. The forwards were having an off night; still they got two goals, which were enough.

Late next morning, on the long train ride to Detroit for a game that night with the Canadiens' historic antagonists, the Red Wings, Plante ate a bowl of cereal and a plate of ham and baked-bean potatoes.

Looking lean, hollow-cheeked and serious, almost morose, he said in very good English:

"I started skating away from the goal to set up the puck for the defense eight years ago, because the defenseman was so slow. It worked well, and I have done it ever since."

AND BOOM BOOM SHOT

Plante lightly fingered the bridge of his nose.

"I wear a mask now in practice. I think some of the other goalies do, too. First one cheekbone was broken in a warmup before a game, then the other and the nose in practice, so I got the mask. One day I thought, 'My timing is off and perhaps this mask is interfering with my vision. I will take it off after this practice.' And just then Boom Boom shot. The puck came so hard it broke the mask at my forehead. I decided to keep wearing it. The pleasure of this game is to like it, not to think about getting hurt."

"When I was a year and a half old my father carved a goalie's stick for me from a big tree root. When I was 5 he gave me a regular stick, and I played in games in the streets with the older boys. We used a tennis ball for a puck. It would become very hard from the cold. Often it would hit me in the face, and I would cry and go home to mother. She would say, 'Why do you play with the older boys?' But I would go back."

"Toophyay. It must be great to be a goalie for the Canadiens, the defense is so strong.' But if a goal is scored, then the goalie is at fault. With a crowd like the one at the Forum, they really give to you when you make a mistake. 'Reveille-les!' they will say. 'Wake up! Or 'On ne s'ajoute.' Bring back Hodge at

goal.' On the road there is not as much pressure."

In the Canadians' car Harvey and Johnson paired off against Talbot and Left Wing Marcel Bonin at bridge. A woman walked through and inquired brightly, "Are you boys hockey players?"

"Only at night, ma'am," replied Harvey.

By and by Johnson explained their bridge technique: "We bid high and sleep in the streets."

Detroit was comparatively warm after the cold of Montreal. After a 3 o'clock steak and baked potato the team loafed until game time at the Olympia Stadium.

Harvey talked about Plante: "If the goaler makes a mistake everybody's watching, everybody sees it, you know. If a defenseman makes a mistake it's not as noticeable. And he can say, 'Let's go, now. Let's get that one back.' All Jack can do is stand there and burn."

"Jack saves us a lot of trouble by going after the puck when they dump it into our end. We'd really get cooled in the corners if he didn't do it. He's a good fast skater—as fast as some forwards—and I've only seen it backfire twice."

That night the Red Wings were hot, playing hard to make up for the loss of Gordie Howe, who was sidelined by a rib injury in a game with Boston the day before. The Canadians lost, 3-4, yet looked good even though losing. On the following Thursday the Canadians shut out Detroit 7-0 at the Forum, and all was right again in Montreal. Harvey scored one goal and assisted on three others. It was Plante's eighth blanketease of the season, the most by any goal tender. This shutout was another big step toward his third consecutive Vezina Trophy—the award to the goaler of the team that yields the fewest goals.

Montreal is naturally proud of Le Bleu Blanc Rouge, and naturally there is a song for French Canadians to sing about the team. There is a stanza for each of the stars. At 23, Jacques Plante is in his fourth full season with the Canadians. He should be back for many more years to hear his part of the song:

Venez donc au grand Plante.

Pour un gardien de buts c'en est un.

Il fait vraiment les coups.

Il a le nez fourré parait.

Un autre blanketeage

Et le Detroit se décourage.

END

The
taste of
maturity!

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clarks. At George Heart, even Australia's beloved beauty, Thoroughbred horses, are ramped through the surf for strengthening.

Australians who have come here and sought action on a beach find the contrasting American scene is laughable. Americans have so much to do at the beach besides swim. When the American family hits the beach, daddy must set up the beach chairs and umbrella, shake the sand out of the portable radio, read the Sunday paper and smoke awhile. Junior must keep on the run to the concession stand for pop, but dogs and more pop and hot dogs. Daughter Alice must play her portable Victrola and waken daddy to tell him that junior is trampling on her sand castle. Mother must lie there until she is sunburned which, in view of her impenetrable father of sun lotion, will take almost forever. Americans embalm themselves slowly beside their favorite waters. The swimmer who tries to do otherwise on a convenient, popular beach has a hard time. A swimmer earnestly seeking conditioning by swimming away from the crowded mass of bathers in placid Long Island Sound may find the lifeguards forbidding it because if he does it, then "everybody will do it." On the Jersey shore, which could offer the U.S. as much vitality as the Sydney beaches, the swimmer who tries to swim clear of the wallowing pack usually will be whisked back by the lifeguards, who become thrilling, edgy martinet if their bathing herd is half the size of an Australian crowd. Even in southern California, a relatively liberal area, the surf swimmer, the board rider and the body surfer are often considered to be some odd breed of jockey—not part of the typical throng. Of all the U.S., only the unofficial 49th state, Hawaii, which supplies far more than its share of Olympians, has the Australian attitude. Water recreation in the very crowded Honolulu area has been guided by people who know the value of water, notably among them Sheriff Duke Kahanamoku and Billy Smith, the old Ohio State swimmer, who now directs safety at Waikiki Beach. On the U.S. mainland the men in charge too often are municipal fuddy-duddies who have never understood its pleasure or value, or have forgotten both in the process of becoming important. The U.S. at its beaches, ponds, lakes and pools enters to the water dunker and the sun worshiper. It does next to nothing for the swimmer.

THE swimming clubs, the school programs and the surfing of Australia, of course, do not make world champions. These factors develop raw material and, most important of all, imbue the people with a great spirit. From there, for the Konrads kids, climbing the pyramid has been a matter of self-denial and hard work. The swimming campaign which climaxes this week began for the Konrads last June, as Australia started into winter. From June through Septem-

ber the Konrads worked at Kipphut body-building exercises (on a physical educator, Bob Kipphut of Yale is better known in the primary school system of Australia than he is in the U.S. grammar schools). Two nights a week John Konrad spent an hour (and Ima did only slightly less) doing 100 knee squats, 100 body presses and 350 arm exercises and followed this up with an hour of pulling weights. The other five nights the Konrads took about one-third doses of squats, presses and arm work. Then, after two light weeks of swimming toward the end of September, the Konrads began rising at 5 a.m. to get in an hour and a half of swimming before school and three hours after school, going four or five miles in long, slow swims and using kicking boards. Toward the end of October, going about the same distance, four or five miles, the Konrads began hard interval swimming, Ima doing only about half what John did. On one day John might swim 10 440-yard distances at near pace with a five-minute break between each; the next day, perhaps five half miles with 10 minutes between; the next day, perhaps 16 220s with three minutes between. The kids filled out the day's work with a mile of kicking or pulling with their legs tied. After Christmas they began to taper off.

The crawl stroke of both Konrads is typically Australian—a emphasis of arm power over leg power, a bent-arm recovery, catching the water hard close to the head and pecking immediately. Both Konrads have the typically Australian body roll, pronounced but so clean that they seem to be impaled on a spit. All the leading Australian coaches agree that the form with which Australia now has crawled to supremacy is little more than the style developed in the U.S. a quarter century ago, then got lost over here in the mishmash of experiments involving overkicking, overlapping strokes, straight-arm recoveries and whatnot. "While the Japanese and Americans were overcoaching and trying out new techniques," Coach Frank Guthrie says, "we in Australia were working more in the gym and swimming more miles a day."

The Konrads hope that they will swim at the Empire Games and then meet the whole world when it gathers next at Rome in 1960. To do this, they will have to keep on beating Australians, which is as much of a job as anyone could ask for.

JOHN KONRAD LISTENS REPLY TO HIS COACH BOB TALBOT BETWEEN WORKOUTS





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not, most from people

another curious incident, which oc-
curred on board 128:

Most stars vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH

10 9 2

2

10 7 4

5 4 10 7 3

WEST

8 7 3

10 9 2

10 8 3

5 4

EAST

10 8 4

10 8 3

10 2

10 9 2

SOUTH

10 8 3

10 8 7 5 4

10 9 6

5

In one room, Belladonna, North,
passed, and Roth, East, bid one club.
South doubled and everyone passed.
East managed to garner seven tricks
despite the trump break, giving the
U.S. a score of +140.

In the other room the bidding was
strangely reminiscent of a bid by Ely
Culbertson that remains the most un-
mistakable "hands-off" penalty de-
ble ever made in a tournament. His
partner opened with one spade, the
next player overcalled insufficiently
with one heart, and Culbertson dou-
bled. The opener's hand was not too
well suited to defense against a heart
bid, but he reasoned that if Ely
couldn't wait to require the opponent
to make his bid sufficient it was rea-
sonably safe to assume that he had it
set a few. And he did.

NORTH (Crawford)	EAST (Parquet)	SOUTH (Beladonna)	WEST (Beladonna)
PASS	1 NO TRUMP	DOUBLE	PASS
1 ♠	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

No, there is no misprint. Craw-
ford's bid was insufficient, but Par-
quet didn't realize it and passed,
thereby accepting it. There is some
justification for both players.

In the Neapolitan Club system, the
opening bid of one no trump shows a
hand that would be a normal one-
club bid in a natural system. No
doubt Crawford had this in mind
when he took out what amounted to a
double of a one club bid with his
call of one diamond. At any rate, the
one-diamond contract was not only
one trick and Italy gained only 80
points on this deal.

To the question, "Why did the
United States team lose?" neutral ob-
servers offered several answers.

Britain's Reese added to his previ-
ously quoted criticism of Roth-Stone
bidding tactics: "The Italians are
better bidders. If there were a replay
it would end with the same result."

Herman Filarski, of Holland,
thought Italy had better team spirit
and valued this at 3,000 points.

Edward Kempson, editor of one of
England's two bridge magazines, re-
flected that country's serious view of
the need to keep strict training when
he remarked: "Baccarat after late
bridge sessions is not conducive." He
thought the U.S. loss was due to lack
of discipline but added, "Bidding told
the story. The States could have won
if all its players had used more natu-
ral methods."

While I have a high regard for
Kempson's judgment, I am inclined
to doubt that's the answer. The fact
is that Italy has a tremendous team.
They have proved their stature by
the unprecedented feat of winning
both the European Championship
and the World Championship two
years running, with the same six play-
ers, paired in the same three strong
partnerships. There is no need to seek
explanations for our team's loss by
what, in such a long match, must be
considered a close margin. Let's put
the result correctly:

"A great team won."

Extra tricks: Reese thought that of
the Italian pair, Avarotti-Belladonna
earned top honors, but the Italians'
own opinion may be judged from the
fact that Siniscalchi-Porquet, using the
Neapolitan Club, played all but 20
of the 184 deals.

Crawford, who played here as well
as goit, earned applause for good
play; so did Roth. But consistent
selected Silber-Rapce as our most
consistent pair.

Beneath the politeness proper be-
tween hosts and guests, observers
sensed high tension between the play-
ers, but the only flare-up was due to a
misunderstanding. One session was
played in the municipal casino of
Carpinone, and with 70 spectators
breaching down the players' necks.
Tournament Director Herman Ded-
ichen of Denmark told U.S. players
that hands should not be shown to
spectators but neglected to inform Italy.
In the resulting to-do, Carlo Ferraro,
Italy's nonplaying captain, requested
the removal of all spectators.

At Como, however, the size of the
audience and its generous applause
was one of the outstanding features
of the championship.

END



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*Dressed to the nine, armed with
race program and money he can afford
to lose, Tom O'Reilly of racing's 'Morning
Telegraph' (right), a hearty defender
of a great sport, rises to say:*

‘Lady Luck, I’m Ready!’

by TOM O'REILLY

*Frequently, in my time as a horseplayer, I felt
depression, anxiety and anguish. This night I
was at the bottom. I wanted to commit suicide.*

—I Made My First Bet \$25,000 Ago
(Sports Illustrated, Feb. 10)

There are millions of Americans who have never seen a horse race, and probably a few million more who have never placed a bet on one. I feel sorry for them, as sorry as I feel for the compulsive horseplayer who wrote the doleful lines above.

For I am a horseplayer and a lover of the sport, one of the finest and oldest sports in the world. And also one of the most misunderstood.

Last year \$2,665,177 racing fans wagered a taxable \$2,300,514,167 through the partitioned windows at America's 118 race tracks. How many of them were hapless, hopeless addicts who saw \$25,000 vanish forever through those same windows in the course of 15 years?

The truth is that racing is supported mainly by prosperous, normal Americans—working, professional and business people who spend no more on their favorite sport than does a hunter, a fisherman or a golfer. Yet, to most Americans, the racing fan is still the cartoonist's familiar picture—loud vest, cigar in mouth, fleeing from the rent collector, squandering his substance. Why?

Racing has a schizophrenic background in America. It is the greatest paid spectator sport in the country; yet it is shadowed for many with feelings of guilt and shame. It

continued



John G. Thompson

provides its fans with some of the most beautiful, most carefully tended plants of any sport; yet millions of Americans consider these lovely parks on the same level as the burlesque house and the cockfight pit. Most of our states profit handsomely from the tax money which the tracks bring in; yet some states will not allow a track within their boundaries.

Pennsylvania, for instance, is in the odd position of having its citizens support racing to the east in New Jersey and Delaware, to the south in Maryland and West Virginia, to the west in Ohio and to the north in New York—but the state itself has no racing whatever beyond a few annual hunt meets because betting is illegal there. And all the efforts of Pennsylvania fare over the years to have parimutuel betting legalized have been vain, because there are more people who recall the attitude toward racing of the Puritans than there are sensible citizens who realize that a day at the track and a fling with the bookies was one of George Washington's favorite sports, too.

All this has stimulated a curious guilt complex about racing which extends even to enthusiasts themselves. Every turf writer in the country can tell stories about the elected officials, clergymen or prominent pillars of the community who have asked him kindly not to mention their presence at the track in his newspaper. The classic example occurred when President Truman's private railroad car was parked once in 1948 on Belmont's special siding. When the President went out for his early morning constitutional and gravitated toward the track where the horses were working out, he was hastily steered away from it by advisers who were afraid a news photographer might catch him leaning on the track railing while a horse went by.

It all seems rather silly, but it's so. And it's time that we grew up and recognized racing for what it is. It is an adult sport, with an honorable tradition going right back to the dawn of recorded history. It is a sport followed and supported by adult and intelligent people who do not go to the track merely to earn money—although, being human, they are happy if they do—but for entertainment. And as entertainment, it is fun. It's fun to stroll beside the walking ring at Del Mar, or to dine in the air-conditioned clubhouse at Arlington

Park, or to admire the nobly bred steeds amidst the tropical fauna at Hialeah. It's fun to doll up and play the sport of kings for a day—so much fun as going to a wedding when the bride's old man is rich.

But to get the most fun out of it, you've got to be adult, intelligent and bear some things in mind.

First and foremost, go to the races to enjoy yourself. Racing fans know that whenever they go the day will be one to remember. You'll never find a lovelier backdrop for your spectator sport. Perhaps it will be the snow-capped peaks of the San Gabriel Range, towering behind Santa Anita. It might be the Queen Mary heading majestically out across the limitless expanse of ocean that you see over the napery and silverware of the luncheon table in a cozy parlorbox atop the stands at Monmouth Park. Whatever it is, wherever it is, there will be the incomparable green of the turf speckled by the shade of ancient towering trees; the smooth brown of the track bisected by white fences; the colorful milling of silks and Thoroughbreds, and the unforgettable melody of the bugle's call.

It's something to be savored, enjoyed—and prepared for.

I have a business to attend to, a family to support. I can't go racing every day. But when I do, I make it a production.

I dress properly for the occasion. I ask it of my beguins have a shine to them as sleek as Citation's coat. My slacks have an edge as sharp as the state's parliament cut. The only spots on my tweed jacket are the ones that were worn into it by an ancient Celt who had an eye for a pretty thread as well as a pretty horse. The kelly is worn at a stylish acry-densory tilt, and the binoculars—owned years ago in a Pirella double—hang at just the right Windsor Chase slant.

The speedthrill money for the day is carefully totted up and kept where it is handy. Tucked away beyond temptation's reach in my watch pocket is an extra \$50 for bail. A lux look in the mirror and I'm ready to say: "Lady Luck, you can marry me or bury me—I'm ready!"

This careful preparation isn't all feeling. There's a method in my sartorial madness. It isn't just that being dressed right adds to any man's enjoyment of a special occasion. A little touch of elegance also pays off at the races. Especially

when you're one of the many thousands who use my particular system of betting.

I'm a busy man, and I don't have time to read all the form sheets. The numbers in them may add up to sweet music in the expert's eye, but there are too many sharps and flats for me. So I play it strictly by ear. This calls for a first-class appearance, because nobody who knows anything is going to give a real home tip to a man who looks like a bum.

But if you look well, it's easy to gather information. Racing fans are inordinately proud of their ability to pick winners. Give them a man who looks like an expert, and they ache to show off their knowledge, too, in appropriate professional phrases. All I have to do is drop a choice word here or there, and then listen. Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief—they're all touts at heart, and after a while you learn to pick the good ones.

There are plenty of other ways of getting information on the horses, and my own penchant for handicapping horsemasters rather than the ponies themselves is not to be taken as a rap at any of them. "Kitchen handicapping," for example, is an engrossing and thoroughly worthwhile pastime practiced by thousands everywhere long before *Three Men on a Horse* swept the world. Quite apart from whether intensive study of the form sheets brings in money, the therapeutic value of kitchen handicapping is considerable. Witness the late, great and beloved National League umpire, Bill Klem.

Klem was a master in a profession that would drive any average man into a mental institution in short order. But the old writer knew that an umpire's greatest enemies are not threatening ballplayers, bottle-chewing fans or second-guessing writers, but his own nerves. These must be kept under control no matter what happens. So, after a day of enduring man abuse on the ball field, he would leave it all behind him by the single expedient of retiring to his hotel room and losing himself among the absorbing pory problems posed in his *Daily Racing Form*.

Pretty soon, word got around that Bill was an addict. "Trouble is," said John McGraw, himself a houseplayer of note, "that blind fool Klem always has his mind on race horses instead of balls and strikes." Kennesaw Mountain Landis called old Bill in one day. "Will-yum," he de-

manded, "do you bet on the horses?"

"Yes," bellowed Bill, in the famous voice that could carry from Brooklyn's home plate to the bleachers. Then, leaning across the table for emphasis, he continued in the same tone: "For 40 years. An' I pay off 100 cents on the dollar!"

That was the end of that one.

There are, of course, a dozen different ways of going racing, and all of them are tremendously popular in America. If you are a lover, daintier of charting your own course, dressing for your personal comfort, and to tell with all neckties, you can always find a strategic spot affording a good view of both the odds board and racing strip while within easy depositing distance of the mutual window. The men who operate these separation centers, from Hollywood Park to Atlantic City and New England to New Orleans, have gone to great expense for your convenience, and even Belmont Park, the Old Lady of Thirdbare Street, recently installed escalators to ease your path to pleasure. Lovers, like everybody else, find these accommodating gestures helpful and appreciate the singular

politeness of all racing fans who respect a seat "reserved" by the simple expedient of leaving your newspaper on it. Lovers generally judge fellow fans with the same suspicion elicited by men newly signed on a ship scheduled to pass through submarine-infested waters. Before getting chummy they are likely to speculate on how you would act in a Noheat.

Should you be the gregarious, social type, however, there are gay groups scattered all over the place. A large crowd waved before Washington's International set at Laurel Race Course will cause no more storms than a flower under the peak of your cap in grandstand section 28 at Jaramca, where Manhattan's hackles brag of picking up fancy fans as well as winners. From coast to coast, Monday is the smart day for barbers and waiters whose places of business are closed. In fact, no matter how you earn a living—as a butcher, baker or president-maker—you'll find your own kind at the races. And on big stakes days you are certain to meet the Brown Derby, Pump Room, Teats Shear boys, who give each other a big hello and drop names like Arcene, Sheensaler, Atkinson and Longdon,

adding confidentially: "A great 171 guy. Loose class. We was on the same plane together to Loopyville."

Actually, it doesn't matter how you go or where you sit, if you are one of the 12,000,000, you'll have a big day. One thing every racing fan knows. When he presumes his two bucks at that "win" window, his ambitions, hopes and fears are as one with Ambassador John Hay Whitney, Robert Kibberg Jr., Mrs. Ogden Phipps, Mrs. Gene Markey, Aly Khan, Willie du Pont Jr., or any of the other millionaire Thoroughbred fanciers who spend anywhere up to \$500,000 a year on their great farms and stables. They are all looking for a winner. And whether your investment is \$2 or \$2 million the pony you are backing must run around that track and cross the finish line first before you get it back. It's corny now, but a crusty, clam-crustian old English admiral—the Hon. Henry John Rous, who established the scale of weight for age—said it all, years ago, when he observed: "All men are equal on the turf—or under it."

Like every other horseplayer in the land, I consider myself a success and

regretted



SO TO THE RACES—happy crowd. The day will be one to remember! You'll want that leather backstop for your

sparetime sport . . . Here, at Florida's Hialeah Park, racegoers like luxuriating while enjoying a fine view of the track.

are more than willing to spend the wad around. Under the pari-mutuel system, of course, we bet against each other and fresh money is always welcome. I am also aware of the immutable racing law that says your C notes can shrink and your deuces can grow. It is the aim of every racing fan to move from the \$2 window to the \$10 window after the first race. We all dream of some day strolling casually up to the \$100 window, and I'm sure there's a candle burning there just for me.

Racing, you see, not only amuses its patrons but also hits them where they live. Even a witch doctor could gauge the blood pressure of a racing fan merely by noting the palpitations of his pocketbook. And it should be emphasized here that the risks of playing the ponies are all relative. Certainly people go broke at the races. They lose all they brought to bet. I've done it many times. I agree completely with John Masfield, England's Poet Laureate, who loves racing and wrote, in his epic *Eight Royal*:

*For broken he'll be as sure as eggs
If he puts his money on horses' legs.*

I am in total disagreement, however, with the widely quoted exaggeration of Damon Runyon that goes: "All horseplayers must die broke." Runyon's stories were magnificent Broadway fairy tales and I loved them all, but the characters he described as "horseplayers" would have died broke if the Godolphin Arabian had been shot at birth and the Thoroughbred never invented.

SURELY it to say you won't be hurt, because sensible people never get hurt at the races. If you lose, you can afford it. If you win—how sweet it is! And if you are a wise man you will realize that, win or lose, a great deal of your character is going to be on display. Even a poker game won't reveal the true nature of a human being any quicker than a day at the races. Francis Patrick Dunne, eminent steward of the New York Racing Commission and Tropical Park's Racing Secretary and Handicapper, once truly observed when a certain rich owner complained about the weight assigned to his greatly superior horse: "Nothing brings out the essential heel in a man quicker than his first good horse!"

This tendency of the races to uncover true character makes it a tricky sport in many ways. You'd better be

sure of yourself before inviting along your love, your wife or your friends. Horseplayers who go in groups must be real friends if harmony is to be preserved. You must learn, for one thing, to be tolerant and pay no attention when Mrs. Neighbor Neighbor hits her innocent husband with racing's oldest verbal one-two. Before each race, she goes admiringly to his stable superiority and asks which horse he likes. Like a sucker he tells her. Whereupon she immediately mentions another horse and then goes into her "but-go-ahead-you-great-big-wonderful-man-you-know-more-than-I-do" routine. Thus, from an argumentative point of view, Mrs. Neighbor has two horses going for her in each race. She's a cinch to come out ahead of Mr. Neighbor and if he has a particularly bad day the routine switches to "why-didn't-you-listen-to-me-go-humya?" Next stop Reno.

Books could be written and probably will be on the horrendous social and financial pitfalls that await the unwary racegoer. It is safe to estimate that a great many of the aforementioned customers who swelled racing attendance figures in 1957 were newcomers who now visit a track perhaps three or four times a year when a meeting is held in their neighborhood. So, right here, I'd like to make an appeal. It may sound presumptuous to oldtimers who know all the answers and have made racing the great sport it is today, but I can't help writing it down:

Be smart. Be sensible. Bet what you can afford to lose. No more. If you "blow the roll" remember it happens to big-cimers, too. This is a game for Thoroughbreds and you said you could afford it. Keep it that way. Never send your good, hard-earned "living" money after the "playing" cash you brought along. If you put that money up, expecting to get something for nothing, you were not only foolish but revealed a slight touch of larceny in yourself. Bad losses never mention this. Nor the fact that if a bona fide "hard" race ever were advertised, Colorado's Grand Canyon wouldn't be big enough to hold the crowd and today's loudest, pawnee "squawkers" would be first in line at the windows.

Certainly you should holler about injuries. All racing fans have excellent lungs. But don't waste your breath blowing hot air just because your judgment was proved wrong. Racing is not, as you might suspect from the uninformed publicity it often

gets, the oldest established permanent floating crap game in the world. It is the most carefully policed sport in America. And all honorable racing men who make a living from the sport—and they are in the vast majority—know enough good tricks to be played on the square without risking their livelihood by dealing under the table.

So, remember, when you partake of a pastime that squeezes all the juicy elements of love, chance and money into less than two minutes of competition on a small piece of ground, right before your eyes, you are handling a conviction that demands respect. Don't gulp it. Sip it slowly. Savor it. Be a real man of distinction. Play the races. Don't fight them. That way you'll probably just sing a little. Whether your song is sweet or sour depends on how you mixed the ingredients. If you do it right you'll love it and want to browse through racing's well-filled libraries and read its great story from the day, centuries ago, when Queen Anne put up the first larval plate for a winner, to right now when Queen Liz hopes to win it.

IF I have sounded a bit too preachy or quarrelsome in the foregoing, please remember, with charity, that true love never runs smooth and my affair with racing is dead on the level, as a few budgetary scars will prove. Moreover, it should be obvious that these scatter-shot observations haven't even scratched the surface of my favorite sport. Between the noisy tipster selling cardstock at the front gate, and the quiet groom humming a soft tune as he takes a bucket in the peaceful barns out back, there is much more to racing than meets the eye, even though a beautifully landscaped racetrack, filled with a gay crowd on a big stakes day, certainly is an eye-filling picture. Far beyond all this lies a world of hope and love for Thoroughbred breeding that winds through Kentucky's Bluegrass, Ireland's Curlew of Kildare, Argentina's Pampas, the Australian plains—and reaches back in time to the ancient windswept deserts of Arabia. For thousands of professionals and millionaire patrons racing is a great deal more than a game. It is a fascinating, colorful and wonderfully challenging way of life.

Racing is fun. Moreover, in the immortal words of Joe E. Lewis, first jester of the turf world: "It's great to go out once in a while and visit your money!"

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"Oh, East is East, and West is West . . ."

And in sports-mad Japan the trend are meeting in a most remarkable way.

In next week's issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Herbert Warren Wind begins a two-part series which explains the unusual but logical causes behind the phenomenon which is turning a country with oriental traditions into a stronghold of occidental sports.

Much of Wind's report is amusing; much of it is serious; all of it is meaningful for the past, present and future of the wonderful world of sport.

Be sure to begin it next week in the February 24 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

On newsstands February 20.

16TH HOLE restlond

FURTHER INFORMATION: BOATING

Sir:

I became interested in sailplanes after reading some articles about them in past issues of your magazine.

Whom could I contact for further information about construction and flying of sailplanes?

D. R. MCNEE

Riverside, Calif.

● The Soaring Society of America (Box 71, Elms, N.Y.) is the U.S. governing body for this sport. Paul Schweizer, its president, recommends *Flight Without Power* (\$3, from the society) and *Soaring* magazine as good beginner's reading. If Mr. McNea gets serious he can think of purchasing a glider kit (about \$1,500) or a finished plane (up to \$5,000).—ED.

FURTHER INFORMATION: BRIDGE

Sir:

I should like to be the first of many. I am sure, to point out an inconsistency in Charles Goren's column *Those Five Minutes* (SI, Jan. 27).

In the dial based in which the American team failed to make three no trump while the Italians bid two diamonds and made six, Mr. Goren states: "Nine tricks he made with a successful spade finesse...."

It must be obvious to all and sundry that if the spade finesse is taken, 10 tricks, not nine, will be made (five diamonds, one club and four spades, the 8 being good after East's two diamonds).

This would give the American team a score of 430 to the Italian's score of 428 for five diamonds bid and six made, for the highest bid top score you are likely to see in a month of Sundays. Which all goes to prove once again the old axiom, "Most hands that will make five diamonds or clubs will make three no trump."

HARRY M. ULRICH

Los Angeles

● Mr. Ulrich's count of the possible tricks is unimpeachable. However, South correctly held up the ace of clubs until the third round, and discarded ace spade from the dummy. In world championship team play, as in rubber bridge, making the contract is the important consideration. Mr. Ulrich's observation about playing hands at no trump is also true, but experts must recognize the exceptional case. North and South can make five diamonds regardless of the location of the spade queen and club length.—ED.

FURTHER INFORMATION: CREW

Sir:

I am interested in obtaining an official ruling pertaining to eligibility on Intercollegiate Rowing Association crew teams. There have been several different answers given to my question.

I was here at the Naval Academy last year and started the 1957 crew season rowing freshman crew. However, I failed

graduate and did not finish out the season. I am now back at the Naval Academy repeating my freshman year and I would like to know if I am eligible to row freshman crew this year. I would also like to know if it is possible for a freshman to row varsity or junior varsity crew.

E. S. DYCKMICK

Annapolis, Md.

● Mr. Clifford Gees, chairman of the Olympic Rowing Committee, says Mr. Dyckmick is indeed eligible to compete in freshman rowing events at the Naval Academy, but, like any other freshman he is not eligible for varsity or junior varsity competition.—ED.

FURTHER INFORMATION: THE COUNTRY CLUB

Sir:

Out Henth Street way in Brookline, Mass. stands what is known in our area as The Country Club. In the Jan. 27 TIP FROM THE TOP the golf pro from Cleveland was said to teach at The Country Club.

The Country Club of Brookline was so named on the basis that it was the first in existence. Under what assumption does that club in Cleveland (regarding the title of The Country Club in Brookline)?

PETER BAPSTITE

Keok, Conn.

● The Country Club (in Brookline) "takes pride in its undoubted claim to seniority in its field," being organized in 1882, although golf was not introduced until 1892, when a nine-hole course was laid out. To paraphrase Mr. John P. Marquand, Cleveland, a city in the Midwest, may be reached from Brookline via Dedham.—ED.

FURTHER INFORMATION: SKIERS

Sir:

I was very interested in your article *Hot Ice* in the *Cold Country* (SI, Jan. 18). Would it be possible for you to let me know where one could get plans, specifications, parts, etc., for one of the toboggans pictured in the article?

P. H. THERR

Minneapolis

● Mr. Tripp might seek the help of Albert Sternkopf, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Skeeter Association, Pine Lake, Wis. Although most of the association's 250 members have built their own boats, there are no official plans. There are, however, certain class limitations: no more than 75 square feet of 9- to 10-ounce Dacron sail, mast and runner plank of Sitka spruce, plywood and fiber-glass hull, and runness of two-ninety-five steel. Skeeters with sail and hardware run from \$1,000 to over \$2,500. Two boat builders in the Wisconsin-Illinois area are: Tom Krehl, Marine Motor Clinic, Madison; and Bos-Craft, 533 South McHenry Avenue, Crystal Lake, Ill.—ED.

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Once back in town, this tiger is as docile or spirited as traffic suggests. But if the gentleman in a TR3 hangs back at a traffic light...forgive him...it's only human to enjoy the admiring glances of passing pedestrians.

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PAT ON THE BACK



Neil C. Muthen Jr.

Dorothea L. Dean

Though a recent convert to the lure of fishing, Dorothea Lincoln Dean, beehive-haired, champagne-fueled trophy to commemorate her latest catch, has racked up in just one year of competition a reputation to be envied by old masters. In recent weeks she won the third annual sailfish tournament at Stuart, Fla. with

two sails caught on 10-pound test line, then moved to the Ocean Reef Club billfish tournament at North Key Largo and won that with five sailfish, three of which were caught the last day on 12-pound test line. Mrs. Dean is also current holder of the women's record for blue marlin in the 20-pound-line class with a 384-pounder

taken off Bimini. A native of Boston, where she properly meets her cultural responsibilities as an amateur pianist and composer (her *Nocturne for Orkadea* was played at a Boston Pops concert), Dorothea Dean is also an accomplished skier, mountain climber, duck hunter and shoot shot. And, like Hemingway's Old Man, she's running a private feud with sharks. They mutilated a big marlin that might have otherwise broken all previous records.

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